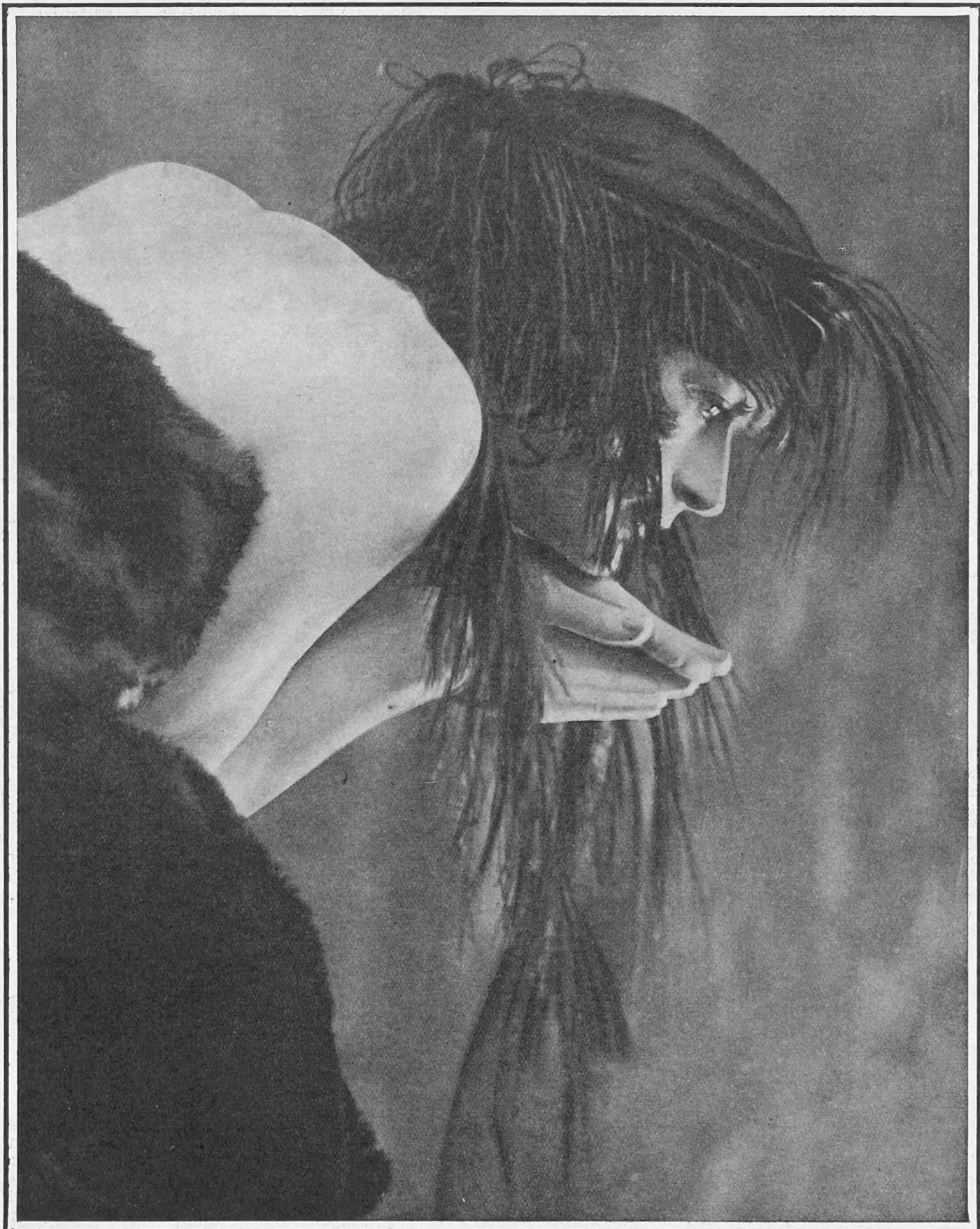


# The Sketch

No. 1403 —Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



"BUNNY INGRAM" IN "THE ECLIPSE": MISS DOROTHY HANSON.

Miss Dorothy Hanson is a beautiful young actress who has scored successes both on stage and film. She is now appearing as Bunny Ingram in "The Eclipse," at the Garrick.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]

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## THE PANTOMIME SEASON AGAIN: A PRINCIPAL BOY.



JACK IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK": MISS DOROTHY WARD.

Of late years there has been some slight tendency to replace the feminine "Principal Boy" of "Panto" convention by a real boy—a tenor for choice. This year the "boy" has come into her own

again, at Drury Lane and elsewhere. Our photograph shows what a charming Jack the Olympia, Liverpool, is to have for its pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*





"MRS. ASQUITH told me to wait and see," said Mariegold gloomily. "She actually thwarted me when I asked about the Diaries; put me off with those wonderful wiles and smiles of hers. She nobbled me so thoroughly that I felt like—like a tame Liberal Cabinet Minister of the old days, a babe in her hands."

"You feeling like a Lord Morley!" I said—"like Honest John with the aquiline expression."

"Yes," said Mariegold; "even so. It was John Morley and Haldane as well, I believe, whom she used to detain in Cavendish Square, instructing them so thoroughly about the part they should take in a Debate that they would be too late for it, and for the Division as well!"

"Wonderful woman, wonderful woman!" Mariegold soliloquised. "But it's no use trying to tell people who don't know her how really clever and charming she can be. You're up against a stone wall if you preach Margot to the ignorant. The less they know her the less they like her. Lots of people who don't know her at all, who haven't ever seen her, go so far as almost to dislike her. This book of hers will make a lot of difference; it will get her known."

"She's written before," I said; "but never, perhaps, in a way to give the public a chance of getting on to terms with her. Some of the liveliest of her reminiscences were privately printed in an edition limited to twenty-five copies, which hardly gave the country at large a fair chance."

"And her papers—she has always been keen on starting papers. But I doubt if they ever materialised, or had any circulation if they did materialise. One was to be called 'The Petticoat,' with

Lady Betty Balfour on the staff. Then there was 'To-morrow: A Woman's Journal for Men,' the organ of the Souls."

"You can read about that in Wilfrid Blunt's last book," I said. "Old Sir William Harcourt tried to chaff them out of it. 'It's their bodies that I like, and now they are going to show us their souls all naked in print, and I shall not care for them,' said he."

"Oh, yes; I read that rather indiscreet book," said Mariegold, "with its description of the Asquith wedding—Margot very pale, and Asquith 'wonderfully smartened up.' Wilfrid Blunt says such startling things about people. But he says nice things, too, and one gets an impression from him of Margot as affectionate and nice, and cleverer than anyone else. I'm longing to see what she has to say about him in return."

"There are two things Mrs. Asquith is proud of—two things not counting H. H. A., and an occasional big scoop in the dress line, and Anthony's wisdom—well, I won't make a list, but there are two things besides the others," said Mariegold; "she is proud of her straight riding to hounds, and of her power of judging character. Her book reviews in the *Pall Mall* in Cust's day were always pretty good, but her *mots*, on people, are better, and we'll get some great character-sketches in the memoirs."

"But what," I asked, "are 'The Star and Garter ways' of the Tennant family? It's a phrase that puzzles me."

"Wait and see! The book will soon be out," answered Mariegold.

Mariegold has a cold, caught while watching football: "Picture me at Queen's Park Club, sneezing and cheering, with a horrid pale-blue ribbon pinned on my front, and my nose blue with cold; and beside me a critical youth, a friend of my brother's, wondering what to make of me."

"I think he passed me all right, because, in about five minutes, he began to apologise for Cambridge in general, and the 'extraordinary crowd' that is up this term. 'Heaven knows where they come from,' he said. He was very sad about the changed character of the undergraduates. But, then, all the other undergraduates I meet are equally sad," laughed Mariegold; "in fact, the vast majority go about moaning that there's hardly a gentleman at the 'Varsity this year; so I don't suppose there's much in it."

"It's the same at Oxford," I told her; "all the very young men there are deploring the presence of still younger young men—a generation that doesn't understand the real Oxford."

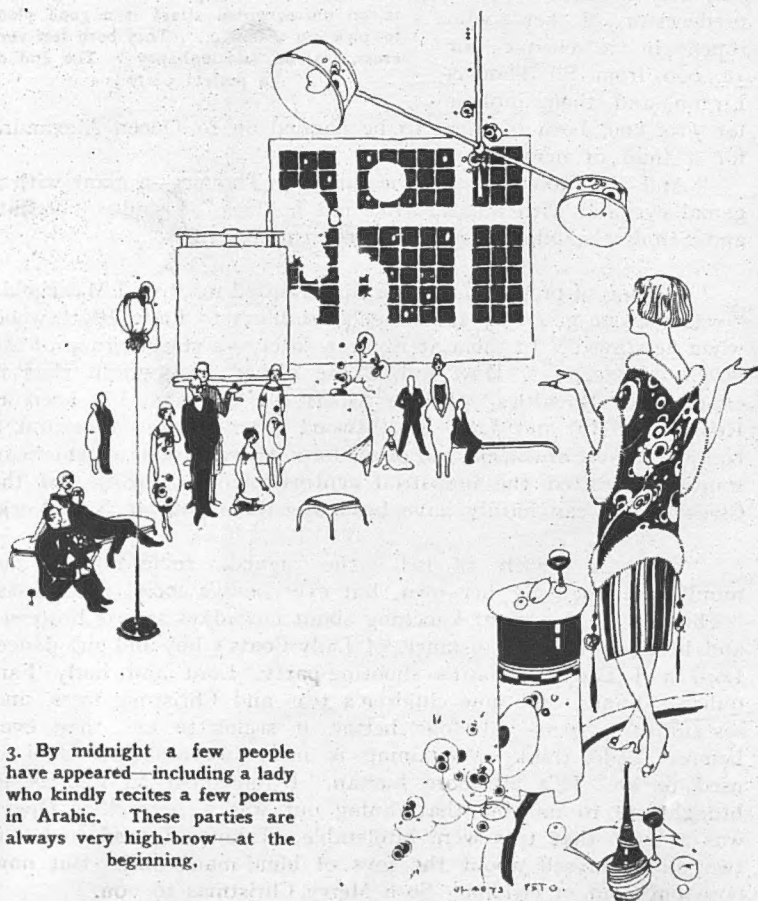
"Were they all such paragons, I wonder, before the war," said Mariegold, "that they can afford to feel so very superior? And, anyway, they've got first-rate men in Cambridge to show them the way. Lord Leopold Mountbatten has just been elected an officer of the Union. I saw him dancing the other night at Lady Londonderry's; and he's been to the Opera lately with Queen Ena."

"And he plays a flute himself quite nicely," I said; "so he's by no means a young man whose only notion of music is musical comedy—musical comedy as it is rendered by undergraduates at a 'smoker' in an hotel bar parlour."

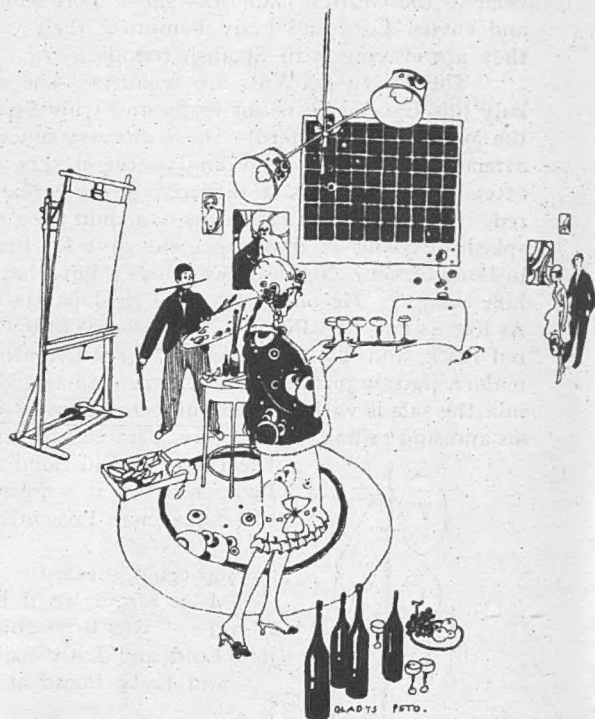
I had happened into the middle of a riot of singing in Oxford the week before, and spoke with some feeling.



1. Angela reminds Algy that it is 9.30—and quite time they started for the party at the Emerald Greens.



3. By midnight a few people have appeared—including a lady who kindly recites a few poems in Arabic. These parties are always very high-brow—at the beginning.

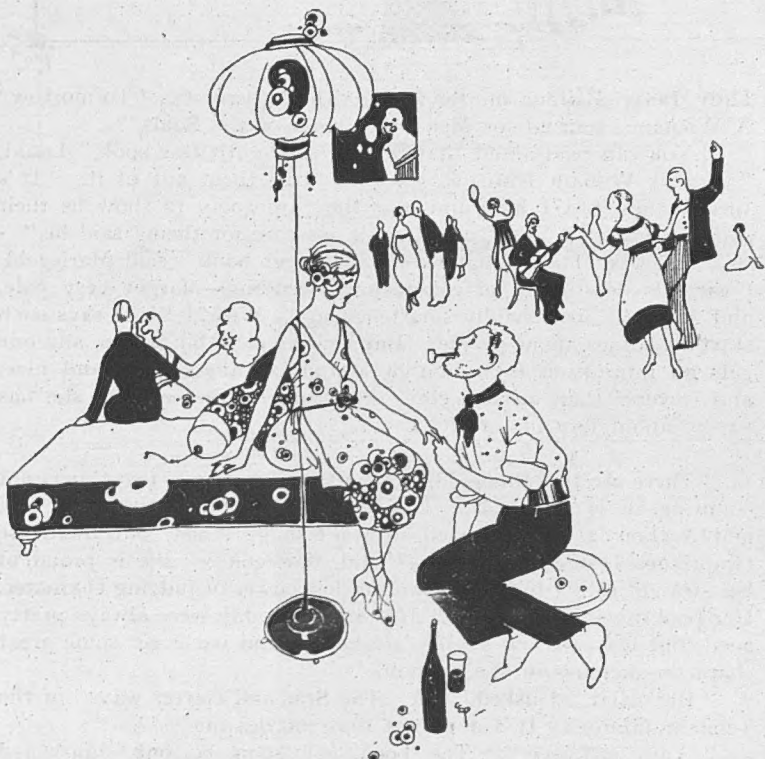


2. But to get there at 10 o'clock is much too early—no one in Bohemia arrives at a party so absurdly early!



"Oh, you're up against them, too," said Mariegold. "Well, I'm not. I sat on my young man at the match the other day—told him I thought the football great, and asked him if he was in his College team. He couldn't say he was."

Mariegold is much taken up with Spanish men, women, and pictures. And though she's interested in the pictures—she's just



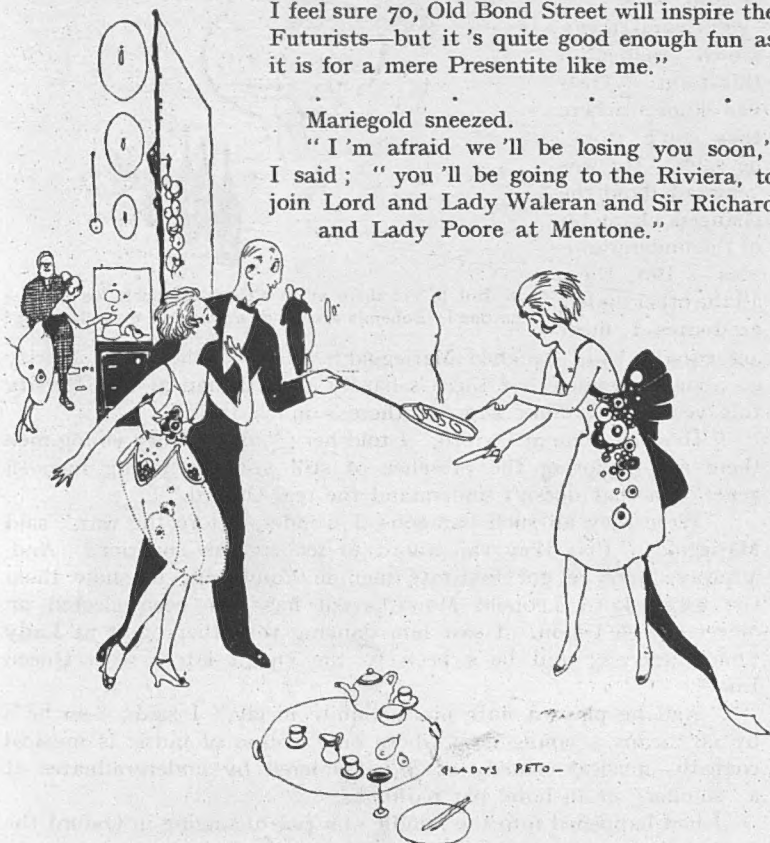
4. By 1.45 the best people have arrived: Lancelot Litter, the poet, who fascinates Angela. She is really old enough to know better, but feels that she has never been properly understood before.

been to the Grafton Galleries—she's more interested in the people, and envies Lord and Lady Pembroke their visit to Madrid, where they are staying with Spanish friends.

"The Merry del Vals are wonders," she said, "especially the lady (his Excellency is not really and truly Spanish; he belongs to the Merrys of Waterford)—she's at every function I ever happen to attend myself, and, according to the papers, at all those I don't attend. And always a different gown! She's reconciled me to red. And, talking of red frocks, you didn't see, did you, Mme. Desti's splash of colour at that dance she gave for the opening of her club in Bond Street? Nevinston was there; but what's the use of showing him things? He only goes away and paints them quite different. As like as not, he will put Lord Lathom, who was there too, into the red frock, and Lady Garvagh into Lord Louth's dinner-jacket, and make a jig-saw puzzle of Lady Carnwath and Miss Phyllis Dare, and mix the salads with the cocktails, and put the ceiling on the floor—an amusing ceiling, by the way, painted blue and dotted with stars. I feel sure 70, Old Bond Street will inspire the Futurists—but it's quite good enough fun as it is for a mere Presentite like me."

Mariegold sneezed.

"I'm afraid we'll be losing you soon," I said; "you'll be going to the Riviera, to join Lord and Lady Waleran and Sir Richard and Lady Poore at Mentone."



5. Algy is a great success with Kiki and Jimmie. By breakfast-time they feel they have all known each other for years and years!

"Or to Monte Carlo, to convey my cold to Lady Treves or Mrs. Nicholson," she went on. "No; if I go abroad, I'll follow in the footsteps of two very wise young friends of mine—Muriel Landseer and Isabel Savory, who have discovered the Roussillon, in the French Pyrenees, only thirty hours from London, but unknown to travellers. I've been reading their entrancing book on their adventures among the cypress-trees, and rum-omelettes, and pomegranate-groves of Olette and Amelie-les-Bains, where the porters smoke cigars and breakfasts are served among rose-trees."

"You remember them—Muriel Landseer, the sculptor, who used to have a studio in Soho, and her writing friend. I believe Muriel Landseer, who is handsome enough to set a fashion, was the first woman in England to bob her hair with any success. Some people, by the way, are trying to get back the old tresses, a not very becoming process in the intermediary stages, unless you happen to be a Lady Gwendoline Churchill, who always looks fascinating."

"And you?" I asked.

"Oh, mine is quite long. It already reaches my seventh cervical spine," she answered. "I'll be sitting on it before the spring."

"Last week I spent a very grave afternoon in Curzon Street, among a lot of high-brow ladies, listening to Lord Robert Cecil and Mrs. Fawcett on the League," said Mariegold. "In front of me sat a very perfect person in a very perfect gown and furs, and I rather wondered that such a smart woman could spare time for serious things. Then suddenly she rose, to put a question. It was Lady Rhondda!"

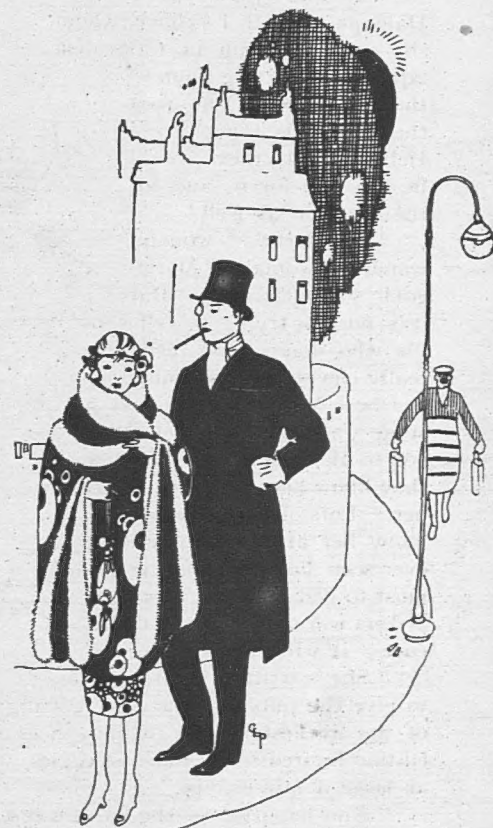
"Don't, I beseech you, give me a hot-water bottle for Christmas," she went on. "I've a young cellarful of them already. They almost fill the bin where father used to keep his Moselle."

"It's so quaint of people to think one has existed right into the middle of December without being supplied. Give me anything else: a rope of pearls, a signed photograph, a supper—no, give me an envelope with silver coins in it. The Lady Mayoress has infected me with the begging habit. What a sport she is, and how well she's putting through her charities. There's been no City lady like her since that predecessor of hers who roped in a cheque for £25,000 from Sir Thomas Lipton, and then another for £100,000, both of them to be handed on to Queen Alexandra for a fund of hers."

"And Sir Thomas is still the same Sir Thomas—a giant with a genial eye and with all the same old hobbies," I said; "orchids and Shamrocks, billiards and a banking account."

"Talking of presents, the one that amused me," said Mariegold, "was the one given by the French President to Lady Blythwood when he stayed with them at Renfrew lately—a statue group of the birth of Bacchus! How unlike the signed photograph that is expected of Royalties! Prince Albert, by the way, has been at Renfrew lately, and Lady Blythwood gave him a dance and a banquet as sort of consolation prizes for not having done an American tour. He visited the industrial centres round Glasgow and the Clyde, which can hardly have been as exhilarating as New York."

"What a month it is!" she sighed, reviewing in her mind's eye not only her own, but everybody's social enterprises. "Think of all the talent knocking about nowadays among hostesses and hosts—think, for instance, of Lady Coats's boy-and-girl dance, Lord and Lady Granard's shooting-party, Lord and Lady Farquhar's dinner, and now children's teas and Christmas-trees, and restaurant suppers—all done better, it seems to me, than ever before. I do think entertaining is more accomplished than it used to be. It's all more human. I remember so well being brought up to imagine that dining out was a bore, that Opera was a bore, that teas were intolerable. I know I used to be in two minds myself about the joys of blind-man's-buff. But now boredom's out of fashion. So a Merry Christmas to you."



6. Angela and Algy pretend that 7.30 a.m. in an unfrequented street is a good place to pick up a taxi. . . . They both feel very cross, jealous, and unhappy! The end of a perfect party!



## MARRIED THIS WEEK: A SAILOR'S BRIDE.



DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE: MRS. C. N. STAVELEY.

Miss Margaret Sturdee, only daughter of Admiral Sir Doveton and Lady Sturdee, was married yesterday (Dec. 16), at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Captain Cecil Minet Staveley, R.N., son of the late General

Sir Charles Staveley. The bridegroom arrived in England from Constantinople a short time before the wedding, which could not be fixed until he was able to get leave.—[*Photograph by Hoppé.*]



## GRANDSONS OF AN EARL: MICHAEL AND SIMON WITH MOTHER.



THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN HERBERT ASQUITH, R.F.A.: LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH.

Lady Cynthia Asquith is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss and March, and the wife of Mr. H. H. Asquith's second son, Captain Herbert Asquith. Our photograph shows her with

Michael and Simon, the baby who was born in September last. Captain Asquith is inset, in uniform. In civil life he is a barrister. Captain and Lady Cynthia Asquith have a town house in Regent's Park.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*



## OUT WITH "THE DUKES": HUNTING IN TEVIOTDALE.



WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER: LORD GEORGE SCOTT, BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.



THE ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE: LORD DALKEITH (NEAREST THE CAMERA) AND FRIENDS.

The Scott family come out in force to hunt with the Duke of Buccleuch's. Our photographs, which were taken at Minto House, show Lord George Scott, the eldest of the Duke of Buccleuch's four

brothers, with Master John and Miss Jean Scott, his little boy and girl; and the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son and heir of the "Bold Buccleuch," with some friends.—[Photographs by C.N.]



## THE TRIAL SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."



LOREDANO LOREDANI COME TO LIFE—TO SAY NOTHING OF PORTIA AND SHYLOCK: MR. MOSCOVITCH;  
MISS MARY GREY; AND MR. EDWIN GREENWOOD, AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Mr. Moscovitch's Shylock, at the Court Theatre, has been both enthusiastically praised and severely criticised—it all depends on your point of view—all of which proves that his acting is great; otherwise it could not rouse this enthusiasm and resentment. The picture given above

represents an episode in the Trial Scene, which does much credit to the producers. It is severely simple and distinguished; and Mr. Edwin Greenwood, as the Duke, looks as though he had stepped out from the canvas of Gian Bellini.





NOW that wintering abroad is once more possible and fashionable, it will be interesting to see whether the daily Press yields the usual crop of letters criticising the manners, and upbringing, and everything else of the "rising" or "younger"

generation, who, poor dears, are always going to the dogs, and, in short, preparing to ruin England. Somehow, the heaviest criticisms on "effete and luxury-loving" youth always came from abroad. There must be something in the atmosphere of the Sunny South that leads people to take a jaundiced view of the hardy youngsters who face the rigours of an English winter with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. But it's not the most convincing place from which to make an attack.

enlightened ruler found himself by reason of his liberal views on the treatment of his womenkind. He knew England; moreover, since childhood he had been "bear-led" by an English gentleman, and had imbibed British views. In good time he took up, under supervision, the reins of government. But he didn't believe in being an enlightened ruler by halves, didn't this particular chief, and consequently he sought an interview with his wife. "My dear," he said—or whatever is the Indian equivalent sufficiently respectful—"you have your freedom. It is quite ridiculous that you should live in purdah. You can go abroad as you like, and other men besides myself and the women of your circle can enjoy a sight of your beautiful face." But that was not all. Imagine the poor man's astonishment when the lady, after a few moments' speechless astonishment, "up and at him," so to speak, in a fashion that one would never have expected from one of her birth and breeding.

*In the Neck.* She first coldly asked since when it had been the custom of the Princes of his house to expose their wives to public ignominy, not to mention insults in private. Then she warmed up to the job, and a remarkably hot quarter-of-an-hour was brought to an end by an offer to leave the Palace immediately and return to her father's house if such disgraceful goings-on were expected of her. The Princess did not go home, neither did she appear in public, and the Prince decided that enlightened views were not popular things with women, and lived happily ever after. Of course, I am not advocating that the slave who hugs his chains should be encouraged to wear them; but the Princess is not alone in her views, nor are they peculiar to Princesses, so one can't help wondering whether harried husbands will prefer enlightened government and trouble at the domestic charcoal brazier, or plump for peace at home, leaving enlightenment and freedom to look after themselves. It is not really difficult to guess what the answer will be, for a great many years anyway.



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK:  
MISS PHYLLIS PILKINGTON.

Miss Phyllis Pilkington, whose marriage to Major Gordon B. Foster, third son of the late Leonard Foster, of Kirklington Hall, Notts, is fixed for to-morrow (Dec. 18), at the Cathedral, Wakefield, is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO A COLDSTREAMER:  
MISS FRANCES CARNEGIE.

Miss Frances Carnegie is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon W. H. Carnegie, Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey, and Speaker's Chaplain to the House of Commons. She is engaged to Mr. Michael Peto, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. Basil Peto and Mrs. Peto, of Tawstock Court, North Devon.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

true British breed kind of brand owned by Prince Albert and Prince Henry? By-the-bye, do both brothers always dress alike? Two young men strolling down Albemarle Street last week attracted my attention. Both wore blue overcoats of the same pattern, bowlers that did not err on the side of size, and white mufflers. Both had sticks, both had cheery—not to say cherry-red—complexions, and fair skins. The one was Prince Albert, the other Prince Henry, and there was a boyishly natural "home for the holidays" air about each. They were quite unattended, and passed along unrecognised. To judge from the direction, they were out on a Christmas-present hunting expedition, for even younger sons of Kings have a fairly formidable list to tackle, and the Royal Family have a reputation for preferring to choose their own presents themselves, and in the shops—where, after all, there's a far better selection from which to choose what one wants.

#### Would They Like It?

Lady Astor's enthusiasm for the enfranchisement of Indian women recalls the predicament in which an

#### Going About.

And, talking of complexions, has anyone ever remarked on the



ENJOYING WINTER SPORTS AT GLENESK: THE HON. CHARLES F. MAULE RAMSAY AND HIS BRIDE.

The Hon. Charles Fox Maule Ramsay, brother of the Earl of Dalhousie, and brother-in-law to Lady Patricia Ramsay, was married recently to Miss Aline Rose Arbuthnot Leslie. Part of the honeymoon was spent in Scotland, and, as our photograph shows, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay much enjoyed the winter sports, and went out on skis.

Photograph by T.P.A.

#### "A Horrible Place."

Mention of Government naturally brings one to that "very horrible" place where Mr. Austin Hopkinson met some "very dreadful people," "perfectly awful"—in fact, so awful that Mr. Hopkinson has no intention of putting up with their society for very long. Lady Astor, whose "first" Parliamentary doings and sayings have been liberally noticed, hasn't yet expressed her views on the subject of her fellow-Members. On the other hand, there are women, it seems, who wouldn't go to St. Stephen's at any price, although the one lady M.P. has announced publicly that she never saw a place where women were needed more.



## SWIFTER THAN THE WANDERING MOON: PUCK'S PARTNERS.



## WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE FAIRY BAND: MOONSHINE MAIDENS.

Fairies, whether in "Happy Days," at the New York Hippodrome, or always love the moon. Our photograph shows New York's latest stage-  
in their own element—the golden lines of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," effect of moonshine and fairy footsteps.

*Photograph by Count Jean de Strolecki.*

# THE BRILLIANT "ECLIPSE": A



GOING INTO CRIMINAL PARTNERSHIP: GEORGE (MR. ALFRED LESTER) AND CAROLINE DRAYTON (MISS TEDDIE GERARD).



DISCOVERING THE LOSS OF HER MURILLO "MADONNA":



AS FELICIA WHITEHOUSE, HEIRESS:  
MISS NANCY GIBBS.



IN THE "TEC" SONG, "TUBBY HAIG": MISS TEDDIE GERARD,  
MR. ALFRED LESTER, AND MR. FARREN SOUTAR.

"The Eclipse," Mr. Cochran's new production at the Garrick, has a plot so complicated that a cold explanation of its details would induce an attack of mental indigestion—but when seen, the entanglements caused by an orgy of "crimes," whose perpetrators expect them to be forgotten as a result of a universal loss of memory following the Eclipse, make a delightfully funny three acts—especially when the promised oblivion fails!



# CRIMINAL-ADVENTURE FARCE.



FOOLED BY THE ADVENTRESS: GEORGE (MR. ALFRED LESTER) AND CAROLINE (MISS TEDDIE GERARD).

FELICIA WHITEHOUSE (MISS NANCY GIBBS).



"A MURDERER BY INCLINATION": GEORGE, THE WAITER, POISONS THE DRINKS.

AS CAROLINE DRAYTON, ADVENTRESS: MISS TEDDIE GERARD.

Mr. Alfred Lester's very special humorous genius is well set off by the part of George, "a waiter by profession, but a murderer by inclination," as he is the great-nephew of a Tooting Bec murderer, and longs to "revel in gore!" Miss Teddie Gerard as Caroline Drayton, adventress, is versatile and spirited as ever, wears wonderful frocks, and has a pleasantly played accomplice in Mr. Farren Soutar as Sydney Heap.



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

SOMEWHERE about a hundred years or so ago—if you wait for Mr. H. G. Wells's ninety-eighth part you will be able to read all about it—when Europe was swept by war and its attendant famines, the city of Paris (or rather, the *really nice* parts of it) was swept simultaneously off its little feet by a passion for the dance. At least, they probably called it choreography or the worship of the nimble Terpsichore, or something like that, but dancing was what they meant. Anyway, the Napoleonic soldier home on leave used to be startled by the incredible agility of French civilians, and every house had a dancing-room where beves of transparently attired beauty rotated and pranced and cavorted to the tinkling tunes of the day.

Even so the plague-swept Europe of to-day has gone dancing mad. Dance music tinkled all through the German Revolution; the Viennese monarchy most appropriately fell to waltz time; and London has been dancing steadily since the fall of the first bomb. The whole energies of the race have been devoted, in the intervals of spoiling large portions of the map of Europe, to pushing its feet into the positions prescribed by the not wholly disinterested persons who proclaim the annual (or is it monthly?) fashion, and then reap rich golden harvests by imparting the mode to eager students.

But the really interesting thing is not the prancing of private persons in private houses. Study of that brings one quickly enough to a pained observation of the steady vulgarisation of fashions that were already vulgar enough before they left the unfashionable side of the Atlantic. What has an importance and an interest of its own is the contemporary vogue of stage dancing. It began rather late in the reign of King Edward VII. (aren't we feeling historical to-day?), when the dance came upon England out of the other end of Europe. Graceful Austrians (one is allowed now to admit that they were graceful, isn't one?) danced in London, foremost among them the Wiesenthal sisters; and the earliest Russians began to dawn on Western Europe.

The history of the Russian vogue, in the trough of which wave we are now wallowing, takes one through various stages. First, there was the Mordkine-Pavlova period, where the sheer merit and

Then the Intellectuals (last train leaves for Golder's Green 11.10 p.m.) began to stake out the Russian stage as their own little claim—a process which they had already applied with deadly effect to Russian literature. It became known that Moscow possessed an Arts Theatre, and that the shadow of the Kremlin was the only atmosphere in which men had the courage and discernment to produce plays in the settings of Mr. Gordon Craig. When the business had about reached that stage (A.D. 1913, or, as it seems now, B.C. 1) the Russian Ballet itself landed on these inhospitable shores, and delighted the solemn by being Russian, and pleased everybody else by being a Ballet.

Its first appeal—in those days was to the sacred passion



"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT WINDSOR: SIR WILLIAM GOSCHEN, PRODUCER AND MAKE-UP EXPERT.

The Windsor Strollers have recently been giving performances of *The School for Scandal*, at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in aid of local charities. Our photograph shows Sir William Goschen, the producer, making up Miss Evans Gordon, who played Lady Teazle's maid.

Photograph by Alfieri Picture Service.

for dressing up in Really Terrific clothes which lurks unsuspected behind the bombazine and beneath the broadcloth of the most unlikely persons' chests. The stiff, gilded draperies, the huge head-dresses of the women, the fur and trench-boots of the men all drew the world irresistibly to Drury Lane in the days when Mr. Asquith was a King in Babylon and Mr. Lloyd George was only a Christian slave. That was their first chapter. Then they began, besides dressing up, to dance. M. Massine began to develop his sense of choregraphic humour, and Lopokova started to make at us those dear little faces that we all miss so much.

Otherwhere there are further symptoms of the dancing epidemic. The chief of them is ("mark me and mark me well") the *Maestro* Catlett. His dancing has a perfection of ease that is almost more satisfying than its humour. He happens, besides, to be a first-class comedian. But what matters more than that is that every movement that he makes is oiled and right. He should let his hair grow, turn solemn, find a Russian name, profess a temperament—and then he would get their goats in Golder's Green. That sort of thing is far more cheering than the dismal imitation of Russian agility by British brawn with which we are so often favoured. When will managers realise that second-rate dancing does not alter its class by virtue of a leopard-skin and a back-fall? Everybody has a dance hidden somewhere inside him, and, if he can only get it out, that is far better than paying any conventional homage to the externals of Russian dancing.



A DUAL RÔLE: LADY JEANE PETHERICK CONDUCTS AND PLAYS THE PIANO.

Lady Jeane Petherick, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, conducts the orchestra for the Windsor Strollers, and plays the piano at the same time. Our photograph shows her at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, where the Windsor Strollers have been giving "*The School for Scandal*."—(Photograph by Alfieri Picture Service.)

beauty of the dancing was the only attraction; there will never be anything to equal the rushing, fluttering charm of the "*Autumn Bacchanale*," and the bow-and-arrow business still has attractions.



## IN AN ENGLISH WOOD: A HARDY SINGER.



## PLAYING WITH HER DAUGHTER: MRS. TOM BURKE.

Mrs. Tom Burke, or, to use her own title to fame, Marie Burke, is the wife of the well-known Lancashire operatic tenor. She is herself a celebrity, also, as she made a great hit as Isilda, the Spanish girl

in "Afgar." As our photographs show, she is not afraid of sharp English cold, for our photographer has snapped her in the open air. Mr. and Mrs. Burke have one little girl.

*Photographs by Miss Compton Collier.*

# AN EPISODICAL DRAMA: MUSIC AND MORPHIA IN



BEFORE TAKING: MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS EMILIO DIAZ.



THE EARLY MORNING FLIGHT: CARLOTTA (MISS IRIS)



SACRED AND PROFANE LOVERS: CARLOTTA (MISS IRIS HOEY) AND ROSALIÉ (MISS JEANNETTE SHERWIN).



TO THE RESCUE: CARLOTTA FINDS DIAZ A MORPHIO-MANIAC.

"Sacred and Profane Love," by Mr. Arnold Bennett, at the Aldwych is based on a novel, and is a trifle episodal for a play. Carlotta (Miss Iris Hoey) is fascinated by Diaz (Mr. Franklin Dyall), when a girl—her intrigue with him is only a passionate episode—and she settles down to become a successful novelist on the verge of an entanglement with her publisher. Hearing that Diaz has sunk to degradation as a morphiomaniac, her

Studio Photographs of Mr. Franklin Dyall specially taken by



# "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE," AT THE ALDWYCH.



HOEY) AND LOUISA BENBOW (MISS MARY BYRON).



AFTER TAKING : MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS EMILIO DIAZ.



BACK TO SANITY, FAME, AND MARRIAGE : CARLOTTA AND DIAZ.



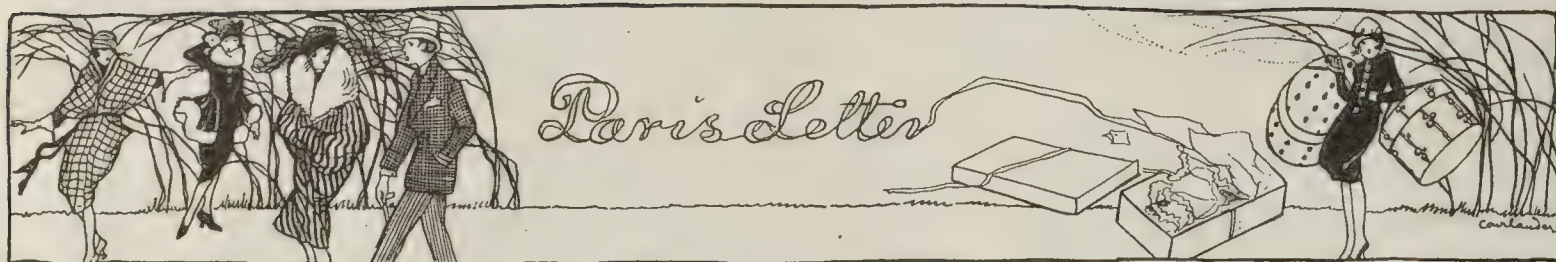
THE PURSUIT OF THE PIANIST : ROSALIE ASKS CARLOTTA FOR DIAZ.



"Sacred Love" suddenly awakes and she rescues him from drugs and a Frenchwoman, and successfully brings him back to sanity, fame—and marriage with herself. Mr. Franklin Dyall as Diaz presents a magnificent study of the morphiomaniac—and his gradual return to sanity. His acting, and that of Miss Iris Hoey, would alone carry the piece through, and they are ably supported by the rest of the cast.

John Arbuthnot; others by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.





I DO hope that Bonhomme Noël has been a *profiteur de la guerre*. If he hasn't made pots of money, he will never be able to visit the homes of the poor Paris children this year. It has never been quite clear to me—owing to a defective early education—where the old man with the reindeer and the bulging sack gets his supply of toys, and whether he buys them at wholesale prices. If he is obliged to purchase them in the big emporiums here, then his burden will not be as heavy as usual, unless he belongs to the noble army of *nouveaux riches*. I sympathise with him because, in a small way of business, I have been setting up as an amateur Father Christmas. The charges have driven me to despair: I should say that you could have got ten toys five years ago for the price of one to-day. Suddenly an idea has struck me. I am wondering if the best present of all is not the wonderful illustrated catalogue of marvellous playthings which the stores give away. Is there anything which would set a child longing, which would quicken his imagination, which would afford such pleasure—the lasting pleasure of expectation, not the transient pleasure of realisation—as the coloured many-paged advertisements which, while everything else is so expensive, remain gratuitous?

There is nothing else for nothing—except, of course, displays in the glittering shop-windows. Never was there such a lavish exhibition, so presumably there are many of us who are counted upon to exchange 100-franc notes for the ugly dolls which are all the rage—abominable rag creatures with flat faces and matted wool hair. One exceptional little French maiden the other day, at a distribution of gifts, refused to take, even from the hands of Mme. Poincaré, a bow-legged, swollen-cheeked, grimacing doll. "But it is for you," said the President's consort sweetly to the pouting child. "No, no," replied the tiny tot. "It is not happy. Now all the little French girls laugh, and their dolls also." Mme. Poincaré tells the anecdote evidently with approval of the juvenile philosophy. But, in spite of this incident, the fashion is emphatically not for the beautiful, flaxen-haired, fairy-like, smiling dolls of yesterday.

If our nieces want the most hideous *poupées* imaginable, our nephews are not a bit less martial than they used to be in their tastes. There has been a controversy in the newspapers, conducted by solemn moralists, who condemned the little lead soldiers and banished the machine-gun for ever from the nursery. I can only suppose that they have no boys. They know nothing of boyish psychology. Really, who is it who pretends that a tank rolling majestically over the carpet, or an aeroplane whizzing across the drawing-room, or a howitzer trained upon Rosalie with the tea-tray, has anything to do with Militarism? I can understand better the sentiment of those whose sufferings make even a pop-gun painfully reminiscent; but surely it is straining superficial resemblances to find, in a laughing youngster leading a battalion of pale-blue *poilus*, bitter memories.

The Paris theatres have never enjoyed such a prosperous time. Their takings have been published—£20,000 a day in entertainments!

If my arithmetic is not at fault, that means about seven millions sterling in the year! Do you remember that in the year before the war everybody said that Paris had become reckless in riotous living, that her prodigality amounted to folly, that she was amusement-mad? Well, there was nothing like this amount of money taken at the box-office. Honestly, I cannot say that the shows are worth seven millions. There is nothing new, although, of course, titles change and the *décor* is different. For the children, at the good old family theatre of the Châtelet, the Jules Verne tour of the world which has attracted audiences since some time in the 'seventies has been replaced by a piece about a negro king which is alleged to have cost £40,000 to mount! Whew! But the revues and the six-doored comedies only vary their scenery and their dresses; the dialogue remains the same. I forget—we are in for a revival of the Russian Ballet: Russian dancers at the Opéra and a Russian season in the Champs-Élysées; and the incomparable Pavlova with her *Divertissements*. There have been dancers as great as Pavlova, but has there ever been any so delightful?



DANCERS WHO HAVE STUDIED UNDER PAVLOVA:  
MISS XELDA AND MISS FREDA JENSON.

Miss Xelda and Miss Freda Jenson will shortly be reappearing in London. They are clever young dancers, and made a good start, as they studied under Pavlova.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

Theatre-going threatens to become a real ordeal, for the women are beginning to dress their hair and embellish their pretty heads in the most extravagant style. I happened to be behind a remarkable construction of piled-up tresses, and velvet bows, and flaunting feathers, and artificial flowers, and dazzling ornaments which I will not attempt to describe, lest I betray my ignorance of matters feminine, and I found the stage obliterated. I knew at least enough about matters feminine to realise that, technically speaking, this was not a hat: it did not offend against the regulations which ordain that *chapeaux* must be left in the cloak-room. You cannot make a rule to prevent the fair sex from adopting whatever *coiffure* they please and sticking things in it. For a long time there has been an absence of monumental hair-dressing, but I really am afraid that fashion is preparing an unpleasant surprise. I shall watch this development with fear and trembling.

Perhaps the Archbishop of Paris will be good enough to condemn the vanity of bejewelled and beribboned hair, just as he has condemned the immodesty of the mode. *Oui, ma chère*, he has been awfully severe about modern dress. I hope the people of the Rue de la Paix will take warning, and will consult him before they invent any further frivolities. I have been trying hard to recollect when there has not been ecclesiastical criticism of women's clothes, and I seem to remember hearing the same shocked protests all my life. It cannot be denied, however, that matters have improved since the days of Eve, who was far more daring. Still, there are moralists who connect the present-day dress with the present-day prevalence of divorce. Certainly the number of suits this year is amazing. There are no fewer than 125,000 applicants for a dissolution of marriage at the Palais de Justice; and, as they count two on a division (*n'est-ce pas?*), there are a quarter-of-a-million French folk waiting to be divorced, which certainly seems a large proportion, doesn't it?

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

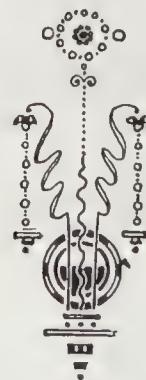




A PASTEL.

FROM THE PASTEL BY GASTON BOUY.

## DEUM COLE, REGEM SERVA: A VISCOUNT AND HIS FAMILY.



AT FLORENCE COURT, CO. FERMANAGH: LORD AND LADY COLE AND FAMILY.

Viscount Cole is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen. He married Miss Irene Frances Miller Mundy, daughter of Mr. Alfred Miller Mundy, of Shipley Hall, Derby, and has two little

girls—the Hon. Ann Florence and the Hon. Frances Jane Cole, who are seen in our photograph. The family motto of the Coles is "Deum Cole: Regem Serva"; which means: "Worship God: save the King."

*Photographs by Poole, Waterford.*



## AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: PRINCESS IWA.



AFTER CHERISHING MOURNING: PRINCESS IWA ENTERTAINING AN ANCESTOR.



A SEATED "DANCE": THE PRINCESS HOLDING A HIRAV, OR PADDLE.

Princess Iwa, a Maori Princess, is shown on our page in two remarkable poses which illustrate the customs of her ancient race. After the "Cherishing Mourning" is over, she is seen entertaining a Mokomokai, or preserved head of an ancestor, by playing on a Putorino, or flageolet, of great age. In the background is seen a

small wooden figure representing an ancestor. The lower photograph illustrates a Canoe Poi, a seated song and dance. Princess Iwa is holding a Hirav, or paddle, and wears round her neck a Hei-Matau, or ornament of jade in the shape of a fish-hook. She is at the London Palladium, with a company of Hawaiians.

*Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*



# ROYAL VINOLIA



## Treasures of the Toilet

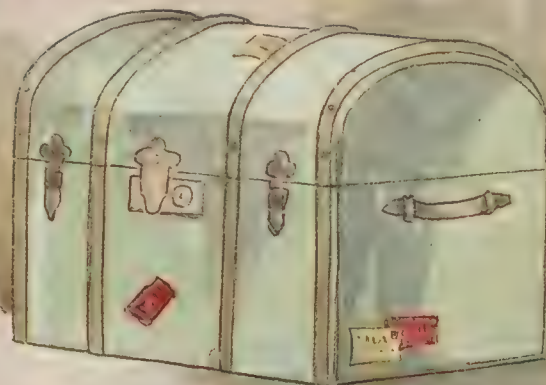


IN the olden days ladies sought out the good fairies that they might learn the secrets of charm and beauty. Nowadays Royal Vinolia is the good fairy of the toilet who willingly yields up the secrets of beauty and attractiveness to its votaries.

Ladies will find their desires fulfilled by the Royal Vinolia treasures of the toilet. These should be constantly on hand and always included when packing the travelling bag. There is a Royal Vinolia Toilet Preparation to meet every toilet need. Here is a selection.

Royal Vinolia Cream - - Boxes, 1/3 & 2/-  
 Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste - Tubes, 7½d. & 1/3  
 Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder - Tins, 1/- & 1/6  
 Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine,  
 Metal Boxes and Tubes, 1/2  
 Royal Vinolia Soap - - Per Tablet, 8d.  
 Vinolia Royal Rose Perfume - - 12/6 & 21/-

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON. R.V. 52





HER GRACE A LADY OF JUSTICE: A NEW PORTRAIT.



THE WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duchess of Devonshire is the wife of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada. She is a daughter of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, and is a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of

Jerusalem. The Duke and Duchess have two sons, Lord Hartington, and Lord Charles Cavendish; and five daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Maud Mackintosh, is the widow of Captain Angus Mackintosh.—[Photograph by International Portrait Service.]



## TO-DAY IN RHODESIA.

CONSIDERING the fact that Rhodesia is merely a baby among the nations—it has only just passed the thirtieth anniversary of its Charter—it can certainly be described as a remarkably healthy infant, and the curious anomaly of rule by a Chartered Company seems to have justified itself as fully in this case as in the historic instance of the East India Company. It is, indeed, a remarkable feat to have taken a vast tract of country—larger than France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland together—the home of continual warfare between savage tribes, and in less than thirty years to have introduced there law, order, and security for natives and settlers, and many of the refinements of a high civilisation.

Till the Pioneer Column entered the country in 1890, to take over the concessions which had been granted to the Chartered Company, there was not so much as a practicable road into the interior. To-day there are 4000 miles of good roads, while the railway stretches north and south and east, connecting Rhodesia with the outer world through both Capetown and the Portuguese port of Beira. From Bulawayo it runs northwards—a link in the great Cape to Cairo Railway, which Rhodes visualised—till it reaches Belgian territory, taking the Zambesi in its stride, and crossing it by a bridge which is one of the engineering wonders of the world. A network of telegraph and telephone wires links up the scattered communities and brings them into touch with the rest of the British Empire.

Communications were rightly seen by Rhodes and his associates to be the key to the development of the country, and millions of pounds have been spent by the British South Africa Company during these thirty years in improving them, in order to render accessible to British settlers the natural wealth and the wonderful climate of this favoured colony. The climate is such as to make it particularly suitable for European habitation, the fact that the country is within the tropics being counteracted by the height above sea-level, the plateau which constitutes the bulk of Southern Rhodesia being at an average altitude of 4000 feet. The winter months—June to August—are dry, most of the rain falling between January and March. Even in the hot season the nights are cool. The temperature in the shade rarely reaches 100 deg., and in winter there is just sufficient frost to be of service to the farmers.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating—the low death-rate, and the sturdiness, not merely of the settlers, but of their Rhodesian-born and bred children. There is no need to send the latter home—the separation which makes India, for example, so painful a place for parents—either for health or for education. There are between thirty and forty good schools in Rhodesia, wholly or partly maintained by the Government, and several of these educate their pupils up to the standard of entrance to the University of Capetown, while three carry on education to the Oxford and Cambridge matriculation examinations.

There are plenty of opportunities for sport in Rhodesia, there being some twenty-five varieties of antelope alone. Large game, in the shape of lions, elephants, rhinoceros, etc., is also plentiful. Sport of other kinds is catered for by the provision of clubs for polo, golf, cricket, and other games.

In addition to mining—for gold, coal, chrome iron, and other ores—the chief industries of Rhodesia are agriculture in its various forms and cattle-raising. There are huge areas of country eminently suited for grazing, and many of the leading authorities are of the opinion that Rhodesia will in the near future be one of the greatest meat-producing countries of the Empire and the world. The native cattle are small, but hardy and fleshy, and a satisfactory breed is now being graded up which preserves the good qualities of the native stock, while adding the greater size of the imported bulls. Great efforts are being made by the British South

Africa Company to develop the industry, and extensive arrangements are under consideration for both refrigerating and canning on a large scale.

The staple product of agriculture proper is "mealies" or maize, for which there is a large demand among the natives; but the soil is so prolific that a large variety of other crops can be grown, according to the region and altitude selected. Oranges and lemons, and tobacco, of both the "Turkish" and the "Virginian" varieties are being grown more and more largely, the cultivation of tobacco, in particular, being assisted by the British South Africa Company, who provide expert advice and assistance, as well as curing-sheds and packing-warehouses for grading and preparing the leaf.

In the Boer War some 12½ per cent. of the population of Rhodesia were fighting. In the Great War, now closed, out of a total of less than 32,000 men, women and children, no fewer than 5000 able-bodied men are known to have been serving the Empire, not merely in the neighbouring fields of German South-West Africa and "German East," but on every front and in almost every regiment of the British Army, as well as in the Navy and the Air Force. Of those that were left, many were enrolled in the local Volunteers and Defence Corps; and it is safe to say that practically all were engaged in some form of Imperial effort.

No less distinguished was the record of the Rhodesian native regiments, a triumphant proof of the success of the policy of Rhodes and the Chartered Company in turning the natives from indolence or violence to useful service, whether in peace or war. The Matabele are fighters by instinct; and now that they have been restrained from their old favourite occupation of raiding their weaker neighbours, they have been turned into magnificent "soldiers of the King," who gave a good account of themselves in the operations against the different German colonies.

Rhodesia has been unfortunate in experiencing many setbacks, which might have discouraged or even wrecked a less courageous community. The Matabele and Mashona rebellions were, for a time, a dangerous menace to the country, and were only quelled at a great expense

of time and money; but wise and sympathetic treatment of the natives has, it is hoped, eliminated this menace for the future. The unfortunate Jameson Raid involved Rhodesia in its consequences, not the least of which was that, for a time at any rate, it was deprived of the wise counsel and guidance of its founder. The rinderpest outbreak of 1896 swept away a large proportion of the stock which was the mainstay of both settlers and natives; but modern science has discovered means of preventing this and similar epidemic diseases among cattle, so that fears need no longer be entertained on this head by the farmer who takes the needed measures of protection.

Lastly, both the Boer War and the war with Germany have depleted the country of a large number of its best men, at a time when they were urgently needed for development. But now the men have returned, for the most part, and the material future of Rhodesia is a bright one. With abundant natural resources, fine climate, congenial society, and most of the conveniences of civilised life, Rhodesia offers a fine future to those possessed of some capital—say, from £2000 to £5000; for the moment conditions are not favourable for the settlement of the small man without capital.

The political future is less certain, but the majority of the inhabitants, looking to the advantage of a settled rule, undisturbed by political changes at home, and backed by the ever-ready cheque-book of the Chartered Company, seem to prefer, for the present at any rate, to remain *in statu quo*, rather than to essay the doubtful experiment of either independent responsible government or inclusion in the Union of South Africa.



PROOF OF THE SOCIAL AMENITIES OF RHODESIA: IN THE SALISBURY CLUB.—[Photograph by Strachan, Salisbury.]



# A LAND OF PROMISE—AND PERFORMANCE: RHODESIA TO-DAY.



INCREASE OF SIZE BY CROSSING: A TWO-YEAR-OLD HALF-BRED HEIFER (RIGHT) AND HER NATIVE DAM.



THE "ASSISTED" TOBACCO INDUSTRY: CARRYING LEAVES INTO A WAREHOUSE.



The Railway-Bridge over the Zambesi Gorge

SPORT: A LEOPARD AND ITS PREY.



RHODESIA'S NATIVE TROOPS: THE RAW MATERIAL.

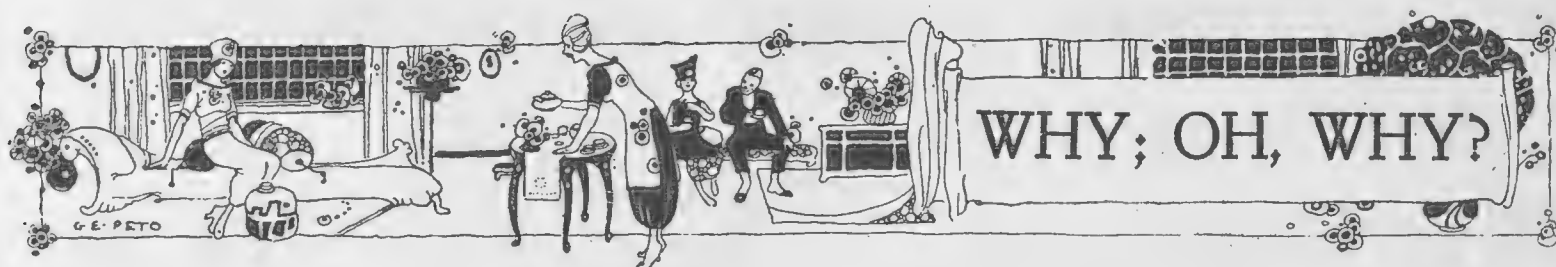


RHODESIA'S NATIVE TROOPS: THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

The change wrought in Rhodesia in the last thirty years is well-nigh miraculous. To mention but one point, the Pioneer Column which entered the country in 1890 marched along the great "Selous Road," from Fort Tuli to what is now Salisbury, a road built for them, and

only a day or two ahead of them, by the mighty hunter whose name it bears. That was the only way into the interior. To-day there are 4000 miles of good roads, and the railway stretches north and south and east.





COVENT GARDEN, unlike Billingsgate, possesses no distinctive language of its own. The denizens of the Duke of Bedford's fruit-market are not, like the fish-porters who come heavily up the hill by the Monument, a race apart by reason of their linguistic peculiarities, the rich emphasis of their dialect, the coloured, comminatory wealth of their verbiage. Perhaps this happy result is due to the purifying influence of the virginal parsnip, the chastening sweetness of the young spruce, and the matronly sobriety of the vegetable marrow. Or perhaps not.

But it makes up (doesn't it?) in striking sights for anything that it may lack in arresting sounds. The aborigines of Bow Street are really strikingly favoured by nature. They live, as it were, in front seats to view the variegated procession of contemporary life. For them the eminent but wicked roll by in barred carriages with gyves upon their wrists *en route* for that distressingly narrow seat in the Police Court. Reverberate for them the early morning fruit-vans. And for them crash the stage storms of the Lyceum. Lucky, lucky Bow Streeters!

But the greatest moments of the neighbourhood are those that hang breathlessly from the Royal Opera House. The carriages, the cabs, the cars (hired for the night only, but looking strikingly private except at that humiliating moment when one has to tell one's own chauffeur where one's own house is) come crowding into the tunnel-like approach to the temple of the most expensive of all the Muses. Ladyships and Graces going to Russian operas which they do

greet with shrill, bat-like cries of ecstasy the flattest and most dismal shows. Which is probably why they omitted to favour a really distinguished occasion with their machine-made praises. Ah me! (*Looks thoughtful, falls into reverie, and waits for the next paragraph.*)

But if it was a triumph—and undeniably it was—it was a triumph of the year 1913. When Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, complete with spouse but eschewing the greater heroism of fancy dress, proceeded under a full head of steam across the floor, one had the feeling that he knew all the secrets of the Prime Minister of the day. But, unfortunately, it is another day now, and the Welsh have come over the Border. It was all delightfully pre-war, and far from the realities of the N.U.R., the A.S.E., the N.U.T., the



#### CLEAR THE WAY FOR CARPENTIER: A ROYAL PROGRESS.

Georges Carpentier had a regal reception, and his progress through Boulogne was a slow affair, as a way had to be cleared before he could move at all. Our photograph shows the hero and his affectionate escort.

*Photograph by I.B.*

O.B.E., and all the other *post-bellum* initials. To say nothing of L. G.

It was really an Eminent Occasion, and the supper wasn't half as bad as it looked. The dancing, of course, was a bit odd; one thrust and bumped round the auditorium like an angry tank caught in the block at the corner of Berkeley Street, and one forced a way on to the stage and pranced solemnly round behind the labouring orchestra. But then, what did the dancing matter? The beauty of the occasion was the neat inclusion under a single roof of everything that thinks itself worth reading about and writing about and talking about. You could see them looking hungrily for the reporters, and the reporters (poor dears!) trying to keep their dominions on straight and looking for them. Such is Life!

Some of them retain in the highest degree that native boldness of outline, that exuberance of flourish and perfect clarity of self-annunciation which endears them to the larger public. Because it makes them so easy to recognise. Their manner is so intensely *sui generis* that they must be One of Them—or the Hon. Treasurer of the Tooting Ramblers. That is how they did it the other evening, and made that big box on the prompt side a paradise for paragraphists and a mild inferno for more sensitive persons. Their costumes really owed a little too much to the property man of the Russian Ballet to strike any particular note of originality. Except, of course, for several delightful exercises in Eighteenth Century *genre*, culminating in the colossal coiffure which bowed and nodded from the box next to the one where Sir Edward Hulton meditated new triumphs for the pictorial Press—but it is high time that one chronicler at least exhibited a salutary Dianophobia. Therefore, enough!



#### THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN: FRANCE WELCOMES CARPENTIER.

The reception which the victorious Carpentier received when he reached the shores of France was stupendous. Our photograph shows him acknowledging the tributes of affection at Boulogne.

*Photograph by I.B.*

not understand, financial gentlemen going to sleep in the back of the box, paragraphists going to sweep with field-glasses from the slips the serried ranks of the stalled oxen below them, are all visible to the natives of this eligible central neighbourhood. Happy, happy—oh, but I said that before, didn't I?

But no night of all the thousand-and-one nights of the Bow Street Nights Entertainments equalled the Night of Nights when the gazelle-like forms of the houris mingled on the dancing floor with the fancy dresses of the cavaliers, supplied in almost every case by Willy I., who himself circulated *en Grand Signior* with a wonderful aigrette out of his own shock. That dance was really a fulfilment of all expectations, a Pyramidal success. Which is probably why nobody seems to have troubled much to write it up on the morning after. An extraordinary thing. Because the mechanical enthusiasts for whom all scenes are Brilliant, all gatherings Select, habitually



# WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

BY "MANAGER."

My only excuse for occupying the columns of *The Sketch* is that, as the responsible head of a concern with an annual turnover of £250,000, I thought that many readers would be interested in my opinion upon that much-discussed subject, Pelmanism. I possess no literary "style," but I trust that plain speaking in everyday language will make amends for my lack of eloquence.

To be quite candid, I hate "stunts" and "crazes," and it was in that category that I placed Pelmanism when I first heard and read about it. I dare say there are many sound business men who have summarily dismissed it from their minds as being merely "another advertising stunt."

Probably I should never have changed my opinion had not circumstances forced me to make closer acquaintance with Pelmanism.

Without ever having won my way to any considerable position in the business world, I was yet fairly content with my modest progress. Suddenly, however, through pressure of external circumstances, I found myself in difficulties—difficulties so great that I clutched even at straws in the hope of deliverance. It was in this mood of semi-desperation that I said to myself, "Let's see if there is anything in this Pelmanism idea."

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Looking back on that period of trouble, doubt, delay, and scepticism, I am forced to laugh and to wonder at my unwillingness to inquire into a thing because it was new—and advertised. But I know I am not unique in this: I am by no means the first or the only man who, having scoffed at Pelmanism, has subsequently taken the Course and has thanked his stars that he did so.

"Is Pelmanism worth while?"—Yes, most emphatically. As the typewriter is to the quill pen, and as the motor-car is to the donkey "shay," so is the Pelman-trained mind in comparison with the untrained mind. It is a case of trained efficiency versus rule-o'-thumb.

And I say this not only because I have in my own case experienced such tremendous advantages as the result of Pelmanizing (my income is over six times what it was before I began my study of the "little grey books"), but also because I have observed what the Course has done for other business men. (And not only business men, but professional men too. I know a professional man who declares that the Pelman books are worth their weight in gold to him!)

In fact, carefully reviewing the matter, I think I may commit myself to the statement that I have yet to meet the man or woman who, having conscientiously followed the Pelman Course, has failed to benefit thereby.

## AN IMPORTANT POINT.

I say "conscientiously"; and here is a point upon which I must make myself quite clear. The mere fact of entering your name upon the Pelman register does not automatically make you a success; you have got to *work* at the Course. It is a pleasant enough study, not in the least tedious or difficult, but you must work at it seriously. If you are not prepared to do this, you may as well save yourself the trouble of enrolling. On the other hand, if you feel disposed to give up an occasional half-hour to a most interesting study of self and possibilities, then I say, without hesitation, the sooner you enrol for the Pelman Course the better for your pocket, the better for your business, and the better for your interest and pleasure in life.

Business need was the motive that led me to take up the Course, but I can truthfully say that Pelmanism has entered largely into all phases of my life. I am, of course, very sensible of what I owe to it in the monetary sense, for it has made financial difficulties a thing of the past. In business it has developed in me powers of decision, concentration, discernment, and judgment which have proved invaluable; yet higher than these I am disposed to rate the added interest it has given to my whole life.

It is not easy to express this feeling; here is where I feel the need of eloquence. But I think the average reader will understand what I mean when I say I feel a better and a bigger man; I get more out of everything; I see more; I feel more.

I suppose the handiest comparison I can make would be with a man who was purblind and whose perfect sight was suddenly restored. To such a man the world becomes much more vivid and real and delightful; whole hosts of new interests and pleasures are suddenly brought within his grasp.

Often and often, sitting alone with the "little grey books"—which I still read and re-read, by the way—I have exclaimed with positive

delight at some sudden clarifying thought or idea. Every now and again I came upon something which explained an old puzzling difficulty opened up a train of new ideas; revealed new sources of power, disclosed new possibilities, suggested new and better ways of doing things.

I had always been vain enough to consider myself a "brainy" man, but now I realise that although I had brains I did not know how to use them; hence my past comparative failure; hence my present success.

## DRIVE OR BE DRIVEN.

There is a whole world of difference between *driving* a motor-car and being *driven* in one; equally, there is a vast difference between *creating* circumstances and being the *creature* of circumstance. If we were disposed to be candid with ourselves, I believe the majority of us would recognise the alarming extent to which our plans and actions are decided or modified by "circumstances over which we have no control." A very humiliating position, that, and a very unnecessary one, as Pelmanism shows. If only by reason of what the Course does in the way of enabling students to master circumstances, Pelmanism would richly deserve all that its most enthusiastic supporters say in its praise.

The matter, to my mind, is always best considered by the light of actual experience, and when I compare my haphazard method of working in my pre-Pelman days with my present planned and organised progress, I feel well content with my experiment. The discipline of the Course has in my case proved of inestimable worth; and I am pretty confident that even the most successful and able business men would find it add considerably to their power.

## LONG MENTAL LIFE.

That brings me to another point—or rather a *belief*. (I say "belief" because I have no actual facts that can be quoted.) I believe that a Pelman Course will do very much to prolong one's mental activities. I was over 40 when I commenced to study it, but I can honestly say that it has so increased my mental energy that, mentally, I am as young and vigorous as at 30. I should be interested to know if the experiences of others tally with my own. If so—and I believe they would—this training is worthy the serious consideration of men and women well past middle life, for who is there who would not give much to preserve youthfulness of mind long after youthfulness of body is past?

However, I am no lover of theory, and there is enough of interesting fact about Pelmanism to enable me to dispense with theory. I have stated as plainly as I possibly can what the effects and results of the training have been in my case, and I leave it to every reader to weigh the thing from his own particular standpoint. I have urged many to "take it up," and I have never heard a regret from a single one of the many who followed my advice. It is certainly worth investigating, and an impartial investigation is pretty sure to carry one farther.

Somebody once divided humanity into two classes: Optimists, who hope without reason; and Pessimists, who reason without hope. I suggest now a third class: Pelmanists, reasoned optimists who realise their hopes by organised efforts and achieve success because they attempt with a knowledge of possibilities.\*

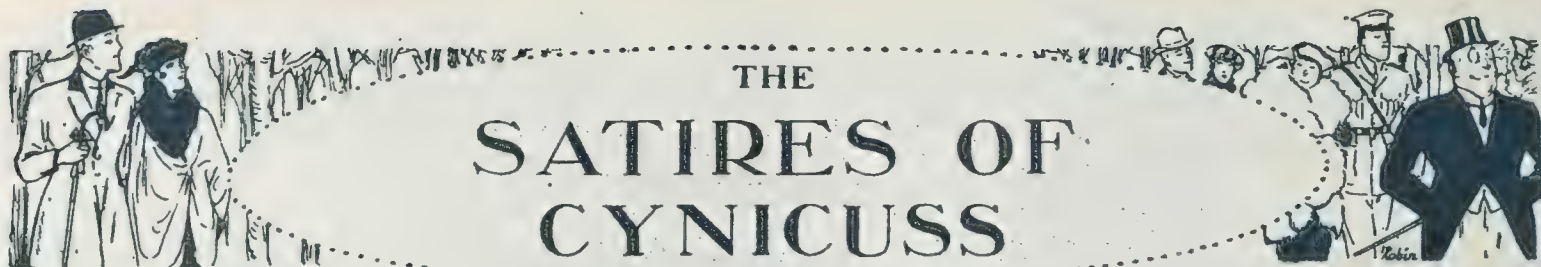
## OVER 500,000 MEN AND WOMEN.

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# THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS

## PAUL JONES AND PARTNER.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

PERSONALLY," said Cynicuss, "I don't think Paul Jones has come to stay. We English, as a rule, don't enthuse over American customs—"

"Who is Paul Jones?" asked Pamela, shaking her sleek head, coiffured à l'embusquée. "Another American Missionary?"

"What? You don't know Paul Jones?"—with feigned surprise. "Why, I thought you mixed a lot in dancing circles! Surely you forget! Were you not one of us at the Adelphi in Liverpool on Armistice Night, when our American guests introduced him? Think a little—" went on Cynicuss.

"N-no," she stammered sweetly. "Jones? Jones? Yet the name seems familiar somehow."

Cynicuss and I glanced at one another and grinned. "Are you sure it is Paul?" I vaguely remember a Tom Jones, but I don't know who he was. I also heard some sailor friends of mine mentioning a Davy Jones—perhaps that's the one," she said, with a pretty show of hesitation.

When Pamela hesitates the man is lost, whoever he may be! And Cynicuss is a man, or will be, so he patted

talk with, and sit with, and sup with—someone you are accustomed to, who appreciates you, who understands you, who—"

"Knows your jokes and forgives them," I teased.

"Are you discussing partners or fiancées?" asked Pamela, her pink ears peeping from behind her tango-whiskers.

"This is a psychological point," I answered, "which has never yet been elucidated! One's 'favourite partner' may be just that, or—ever so much more! There are engagements and engagements. In some cases, being engaged to the same partner, dance after dance, leads to the engagement ring; in other cases, a man and a girl may step in measure, in each other's arms at tea, dinner, supper, and thus till the small hours, for a whole season, and be as little sentimentally inclined towards one another as towards the car they drive or the horse they ride! They merely stand for a form of exercise, of fashionable exercise. Those are the sort of people of whom the perfect Bridge partners are made; they can sit for hours together, engrossed in their hands, and ignoring the colour of each other's eyes!"

"For a shy man to enjoy dancing," said Cynicuss, fishing for our sympathy, "he must not be driven from pillar to post by a masterful hostess. Every new partner means a new novice; he has to make a mental effort to find something fresh to tell her—"

"Most men save themselves that effort!" I sighed.

"He has to discover diplomatically whether she is single or married."

"Or whether he is not yet demobbed!" said Pamela, dimpling. "It's only the steps that differ," she added, with an air of great experience. "As for the partners, whether they are Paul, Jack,

Harry or Tom Jones, it all comes to the same in the end—"

"Indeed?"

"Really?" Cynicuss and I both yelled together.

"And the finish is, I suppose, that, starting on their toes, they end on their knees!" suggested he, with an interest hardly deserved, I thought, by such a frivolous subject.

Pamela became pinker than ever.

"Don't you think that your cornering of the ideal partner is rather selfish?" she remarked, hastily diverting the conversation from herself. "You can't hope to fox-trot for ever with the same girl, anyway."

"And why not?" asked Cynicuss, surprised.

"Well, but she may, for instance, become Mrs. Paul Jones!" smiled Pamela.



"We English do not, as a rule, enthuse over American customs."

her hand. (figuratively, but I saw him doing it with my mind's eye) and explained:

"Paul Jones in my opinion is a bounder—the uninvited partner, a trouble-fête, a kill-joy, the odd man out who wants to be in, a blighter who, as soon as you have got the hang of things with the girl you are dancing with, puts his heavy foot down, taps you on the shoulder, and gives your girl a glance, which means, in that beastly slang, 'Good enough for mine!'"

"It's a sort of cotillon stunt," I interrupted, turning towards a puzzled Pamela: "at a given signal couples change partners—that's all. It gives a chance to men who have come alone, and don't know people. It's a lively way of introducing oneself."

"Intruding, you mean," shrugged Cynicuss. "I hope it won't 'take' here. Curious thing, one can never be left alone, especially if one is two! Some people seem to take a delight in parting partners who are enjoying themselves in their own way."

"And out of everybody's way, such as stairs and corners."

But Cynicuss was genuinely indignant. "Hostesses with marriageable daughters," he went on, "are doing their worst to abolish the coming-in-couples to their dances, but they'll never do it. Once you have found your ideal partner, even wild hostesses could not drag you apart! And it is not only dancing, and being used to one another's steps, and all that sort of thing, but if you have got the girl you like to waltz with, and

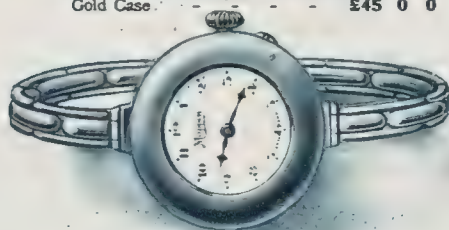
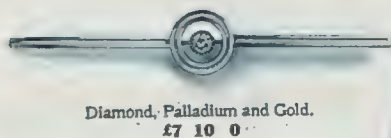


"Some people take a delight in parting partners who are enjoying themselves in their own way."



"A lively way of introducing oneself."





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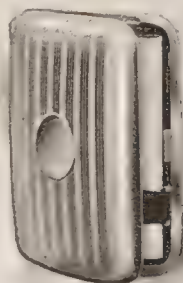
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**B**ETWEEN the Carpentier-Beckett fight, the "Powerful" case, and the amount of wrangling that has been and still is going on over the thing called "Racing Reform," no one has, apparently, had time to devote any attention to current racing. I suppose the weather has an effect upon everyone's temper, and that none of us is immune from the influence of environment; but personally I think that it is regrettable from every point of view that so much heat should have been allowed to manifest itself over two, at any rate, of these subjects, and that personalities should in some instances have been given a prior place to principles. When people lose their tempers, their judgment, as a rule, is warped, and they do not do themselves all the justice that they would under ordinary circumstances, and things are said that are entirely irrelevant to the main point at issue. If a mistake is made—as it often is in the best regulated of families—the least said is the soonest mended, and polemics do not greatly assist matters. Personalities only engender a quite unnecessary bitterness. I suppose the real reason is that at a period in the world's existence such as the present one, all our nerves are a bit frayed at the edges, and that things ruffle us which would not under normal circumstances cause us more than a temporary annoyance. Then again, if all this had happened in warm summer weather, when the sun was shining his hardest, we should not have worried as much as we have! It is so difficult to be really genial when it's raining, sleeting, or snowing!

Like everyone else who "writes for the papers" I suppose I have received as many letters about "Powerful" as anyone else; and equally like everyone else, I suppose there have been as many arguments one way as the other. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, for this is still supposed to be a free country; but because everyone's view does not coincide with one's own, I personally do not for that reason tick all my opponents as either fools or knaves. I myself think the decision of Tattersall's Committee a wrong one, and I hold that the argument that has been put forward—"if no one had found out"—is about the weakest thing that has been advanced. You might just as well argue that if I am so clever as to cut your throat and cover up my tracks I have not cheated the law. But in this case, someone—to wit, the Stewards—did find out and condemned the culprit. You might equally well say that if I were clever enough to do what is called "ring in" a horse and win with him without being subsequently discovered, I should not infringe the Rules of Racing. In the "Powerful" case there was, of course, no question of anything of this description. It was a careless and unfortunate mistake, and on broad lines it does not greatly matter by whom this mistake was committed. The result is the same: an unqualified horse wins: he is not in the race: he therefore did not technically compete: therefore he was not in the

race and is in the position of one whose entry was void: therefore everything that happened where he was concerned was as if it had never happened.

All wagers, therefore, in my opinion, were as if they had never been. This case has, not unnaturally, given rise to a good many suggestions that we should have unity of command where racing is concerned, or, in other words, that betting should be recognised and controlled by the Jockey Club, and not by any delegation like Tattersall's Committee. The advocates of this take the line that if a decision of the Jockey Club as to a horse's qualification is to be negated by a ruling of the organisation which controls betting, where are we? There is the supplementary question put in one of the letters which I have received: "If the Jockey Club did control betting, could it have ruled that bets were to stand over an unqualified horse?" This query, to my mind, is somewhat pertinent. In other lands the principal racing authorities do control betting as well as the administration of the other affairs of the Turf, and the arrangement is found to work very well, and has

not tended to turn racing into a mere excuse for gambling, which, of course, it is desirable, from every point of view, that it should not be.

Then, again, where the totalisator is concerned, things do not at present seem to be favouring its adoption in this country, though here again it is possible to point to countries—other than France—in which it has been in use in conjunction with bookmakers for a long period of years, and where racing has not deteriorated as a consequence. In India, for instance, at all meetings run under the ægis of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, the premier racing club in India, the "tote" has been



**A MEET AT MINTO HOUSE: MAJOR SPROT, COLONEL BAILLIE, AND MRS. A. BAILLIE.**

Our photograph was taken at a meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's pack at Minto House, and shows some of the well-known members of the Hunt—Major Sprot, of Riddell, and Colonel and Mrs. Baillie.

Photograph by C.N.

going for certainly fifty years. I can personally speak to an experience of thirty of them, and in Western India, where the Western Indian Turf Club controls the meetings, they have had the "tote" only for, I believe I am right in saying, about seven years. The result there has been that in Bombay the thing called the "bucket shop" sprung up all over the place, whereas in Calcutta it is not known. Under the R.C.T.C. bookmakers are controlled and licensed. Welshing is practically unknown, for only approved operators who are able to put up the necessary deposit—something like £5000 for the big ring, so far as I remember—are allowed to bet.

There are totalisators in all the enclosures controlled by the Stewards, and the Club, in addition to obtaining a handsome domestic income, contributes large sums annually to the hospitals and other charities. I am not aware that totalisator betting in places controlled by the R.C.T.C. has in any way increased the volume of general betting by the public, or caused any great moral deterioration. Fees for admission by the public are low compared with what they are here: the accommodation provided in the way of

(Continued on page 1.)



**"CROSS" SUIT CASE for a Man's own Fittings.**

Most men have a number of toilet fittings which have a personal value and association.

The case illustrated is designed to carry a man's own fittings in adjustable chamois leather pockets. There is a special pocket for shirts in the lid.

No. 3073. Smooth Tan Hide, 24 inch, lined linen, elastic drawn chamois leather pockets.

Price (without fittings) £8 17 6.

**"CROSS" SUIT CASE for a Lady's own Fittings.**

This "Cross" Case is made with elastic-drawn pockets of adjustable size, so that a lady can take with her on a journey just those fittings of her own which she requires. As the fittings are in the lid, the entire length of the case is left free for packing.

No. 3086. Size 22 x 14 x 5 1/2 in.

Smooth Tan Hide Silk lining and pockets.

Price (without fittings) £10. Green or Blue Morocco £15.

**"CROSS" HAND BAG.**

Here is an original design of handbag. Two pockets have been introduced into the flap of the bag, one for bank notes extending the whole length, another shorter one for Treasury notes. Both pockets are covered with a secured flap. The bag is fitted with a double frame and contains a mirror and a puff case.

No. 3554. Fine Sealskin Black, Blue or Grey, £6 10.

Tan Velvet Calfskin £8 15.

**"CROSS" LETTER CASE.**

This useful letter case is made of exceptionally soft leather. One side has a secured flap which covers separate pockets for bank notes, one pound, and ten shilling treasury notes all of which are inserted flat; on the other side there are three pockets for letters, also spaces for cards and stamps.

No. 4561. Size 6 1/2 in. x 4 1/2 in. Black or Blue Fine Seal-skin or Pigskin 45/-. Silver-gilt edging 25/- extra.

**"CROSS" KEY PURSES.**

Bunches of keys are notoriously uncomfortable to carry loose in the pocket. A "cross" key purse levels them out, and saves the wear on the lining of the pocket. Made in various sizes with numbered straps for 4, 8, or 12 keys, with card for record of address.

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A distinctive gift for a smoker. Note that while the pouch is flat at the edges, capacity is given by the central gusset. The case is completely lined with rubber.

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**"CROSS" WRITING CASE.**

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Many ladies prefer this flat style of handbag. Made in smooth black patent leather with a Grecian Key design printed on the leather in white, it is without doubt the smartest thing in a leather envelope yet produced.

No. 3581. Black Patent Leather 52/6.

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**They Meant Well.** We have it on quite unimpeachable authority that virtue is a more valuable possession than rubies; and another and equally impeccable writer has something to say about the superiority of a meek and quiet spirit to mere ornament. There's no doubt both writers meant well—people who give advice always do. Solomon, in particular, had plenty of experience to guide him. Still, one can't help thinking that they might, had they been alive now, have held different views, or at least have found something nice to say in praise of jewellery as well as virtue. Both men had, of course, a very good excuse for their attitude. They didn't live in an age when artists like the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.1, spent their time devising fresh ways of making pearls look even more lovely than nature made them, and placing precious stones in a setting better calculated to display their beauty than the surroundings in which nature placed them.

**New Methods.** It's quite an antiquated idea that, once a stone is well cut, the setting matters very little. Fashion has a great deal to say in the matter of the mounting of jewellery. At the moment it is almost of more importance than the stone itself, and the fashionable woman has to take other things than dress into consideration before she can pride herself on being well turned out. Though Christmas-present buying has become a much more intimate sort of affair than it used to be, there's nothing to prevent Algy from giving Tiny as many dozen pairs of stockings as he likes, provided he can produce the Fishers or find someone confiding enough to give him credit. Still, when all's said and done, there's nothing quite so acceptable as a present that takes the form of a "bit



Her platinum-and-diamond R.A.F. brooch adds an angelic touch to her head-dress.

of jewellery," more especially when it comes from the house mentioned. Of course, there are plenty of people about who condemn the expenditure of money on articles of personal adornment; but, when all's said and done, good stones will realise their value any fine day of the week—with a little bit added maybe, since prices are still moving upward. So there's nothing to prevent the patriot from realising on her valuables and lending her money to the Government whenever she feels like doing it.

#### Holding On to Them.

But even if she did not, and preferred to look nice with the help of something in onyx set with emeralds and diamonds, no one could really find it in their heart to blame her. "Something," by-the-bye, should read "some things," for the latest jewellery goes in "suites," so that the woman who wants to be really *chic* should have a pendant and ear-rings, not to mention a ring and a brooch, to match, the set preferably taking the form of the four articles with a diamond border surrounding a chequered mosaic of green and black, each stone of which is calibre or square-cut and sunk into a fine lattice-work of platinum.

**Caring for Men.** Adam, though he won't own it, is as much under the sway of fashion as Eve, and it's as much as his peace of mind is worth to be seen with the wrong kind of links or a tie-pin in the mode of the day before yesterday. Just at the moment the man who wants to feel "it" must, as a preliminary, invest in a tie-pin, links, and waistcoat buttons that match. Moreover, the only right ones are those carried out on the lines of the jewellery for women just described.

#### New Uses for Pearls.

There never was a time in their history when pearls were more popular or more fashionable. Alas! wearers are not too discriminating. The adjective has nothing to do with the quality of the pearls; but there are some people—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say certain types of figures—to which pearls are unsuited. The beauty of the gems merely serves to accentuate deficiencies which are quite patent enough without any undue advertisement. But to return to pearls, Frenchwomen are finding out new, and one can't help thinking sometimes rather foolish, ways of using them. A Parisian owner of

a beautiful rope will gaily wear it tied round her waist, using it to do girdle duty on a black velvet frock—the material which, above all others, sets off pearly beauty to perfection. Sometimes she will twist them in and out of her hair, or wind them round and round her arm. Personally, I can't help feeling that, so far as pearl-wearing is concerned, old methods are the best and most becoming.

**All Kinds to Choose From.** Experts differ as to colour, so, provided one goes to the right place—the moral is obvious—it's up to the individual to select a row of milky



Emerald, onyx, and diamond ear-rings are amongst the very latest ideas in exclusive jewellery.

white pearls, or, if something with a little more colour is preferred, one with a warm, deep, creamy lustre that in some lights takes on a delicate pinkish flush. As to length and size, that is a matter to be decided according to the capacity of one's purse. Five hundred pounds will buy quite an attractive string; no woman would find anything to complain about in one that cost less. On the other hand, five thousand or twenty-five thousand or more will, naturally, yield something better still.

**A Way Out of the Difficulty.** But it's not every one who can afford a ready-made string of pearls. That, however, is no reason why they should not own one some day; and, so far as children are concerned, if you happen to be a god-mother, ask the mother of your little god-daughter what she thinks of the idea of a present that takes the form of a slim neck-chain with one, or two, or three pearls strung on it, the chain being such that one or two pearls can be added every year, and see what she says about it. Then go to Regent Street and choose a pearl-by-pearl necklace.



She wears a diamond arrow brooch in her hat, and joy bells adorn her neck and arms.



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## AEROPLANE FARES AND REDUCED COSTS.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ALTHOUGH everybody concerned with aviation is firmly convinced that some day, sooner or later, people will travel by aeroplane as habitually as they travel to-day by motor-car or train, it is a trifle difficult to see just how the public in general is to afford to fly. There is all the difference in the world between paying 10s. 6d. for a ten-minute jaunt round an aerodrome and paying £15 15s. for a flight to Paris—which sum is, one believes, the lowest fare at present available. Incidentally, there might appear to be some queer discrepancy between the rates mentioned. This trip to or from Paris in moderately calm weather takes between 2½ hours and 2½ hours—say 150 minutes for £15 15s., or £1 1s. for every ten minutes, as against 10s. 6d. for a ten-minute joy-ride.

**Paying for Speed.** The reason why the cross-country journey costs double the aerodrome trip is primarily that one always has to pay for speed. The joy-ride "Avro" machines carry two passengers and the pilot with a 110-h.p. Le Rhône, or four passengers and pilot with a 150-h.p. B.R. engine. The former machine does about 75 miles an hour, and the latter is somewhat faster in spite of the extra load. Thus the distance covered in the ten minutes is approximately 12 miles. The two-passenger "Airco" machines used on the London Paris and London-Brussels routes, and the four-passenger big B.A.T.s on the London-Amsterdam route (both of which use 375-h.p. Rolls-Royce engines), do somewhere in the region of 120 miles an hour, and so in the ten minutes cover 20 miles or more.

**The Increase of Horse Power.** Thus, although they do not, perhaps, cover twice the distance for twice the money, they do give quite considerable extra distance; and, as one has said, one always has to pay for speed, not only in cash but in kind, as is proved by the fact that, while engines of 110-h.p. to 150-h.p. give a speed of 80 or 90 miles an hour, engines of 375-h.p. are necessary to carry the same number of passengers at 120 to 130 miles an hour. That is to say, more than double the horse-power is needed to give only 30 to 40 per cent. more speed. One must, however, make allowance for the fact that the London-Paris machines carry fuel for 3½ or 4 hours, flying, whereas the ten-minute joy-ride machines only carry a supply for about an hour. The higher the speed, the greater and greater becomes the disproportion between the increase in speed and the amount of power needed—as, for example, the latest record-breaking French machines, which have attained speeds of between 160 and 180 miles an hour, and to do it have needed 300-h.p. engines, with the smallest possible aeroplane, carrying a pilot only, and fuel for one hour's flying.

**Extra Expenses on Long Flights.**

It may be objected that the big Handley-Page machines with two Rolls-Royce engines of 375-h.p. each, which do about 80 to 90 miles an hour, charge approximately the same fare between London and Paris or London and Brussels as the faster machines on the same route. In this case, presumably, one pays the extra money partly for the extra time spent in the air, and partly for travelling

in a saloon instead of in an ordinary first-class compartment. That, at any rate, is a reasonable explanation. And one must also consider the fact that a long cross-country journey involves risks of extra expense which do not exist in the case of aerodrome joy-rides, although the risk of accident to the passengers is no greater. For example, an involuntary landing on a cross-country journey may mean sending mechanics and spare parts a hundred miles to put the machine right, whereas in an aerodrome flight the machine can probably glide back into the aerodrome, or at the worst alight a mile or two away.



THE MACHINE THAT FLEW FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO AUSTRALIA:  
THE VICTORIOUS VICKERS-VIMY-ROLLS.

The Vickers-Vimy-Rolls, piloted by Captain Ross Smith reached Port Darwin on Wednesday, Dec. 10, after having flown from Hounslow via Rome, Cairo, Delhi, Singapore, and Java. This magnificent achievement was made in competition for the Government prize.

Photograph by Vickers, Ltd.

**The Remedy—Mail Contracts.**

Still, even after taking all these facts into consideration, prices are high compared with railway travelling. The remedy seems to be the same as that which enabled steamship lines to lower their passenger fares—namely, mail contracts. In the case of steamships, the Post Office buys so much space for mails, and pays for it

whether the mails occupy all the space or none of it. One believes it to be the fact that the mails carried never do occupy as much space as is actually bought. But the price paid annually on mail contracts is enough to pay the actual running costs of the boats which carry them, and so passengers can be carried at a price which they can afford to pay. If the passenger fares were fixed at a price which would pay for the whole cost of running the ships, far fewer people could afford to travel, and so far fewer boats could be run, because it would take so much longer to fill each boat with passengers.

**Mails Would Reduce Fares.**

Much in the same way, if the air-lines were guaranteed so much per day for carrying mails as would pay the bare cost of running the machines, nearly all the money derived from passenger fares would represent



HEROES OF A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT: THE CREW OF  
THE VICKERS-VIMY-ROLLS.

The great flight from Hounslow to Port Darwin was started on Nov. 12, and finished on Dec. 10. Our photograph shows the crew (from left to right): Sergt. W. H. Shiers, A.F.M.; Lieut. K. M. Smith, R.A.F.; Captain Ross Smith, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C. (pilot); Sergt. J. M. Bennett, M.S.M., A.F.M.—[Photograph by Vickers, Ltd.]

clear profit. And then it would be possible to reduce passenger fares to such an extent as would induce people to travel by air in hundreds, instead of in ones and twos as at present. The increased demand for accommodation thus created would before long so increase the number of machines in use that running costs would decrease all round, and aerial travelling become an ordinary business proposition.





Lord Piccadilly.



COMING from the House the other day I met a former 'varsity colleague whom I hadn't seen for years.

"Have a cigarette" he said, and as I glanced at the gold lettering on it he smilingly added, "Oh, yes, it's a PICCADILLY!"

"Do you know," he remarked, after we had shared a match, "that over twenty eventful years have passed since I first had a PICCADILLY CIGARETTE at your invitation—and during all that time I have never been without them." "Of course," he continued, "I've tried many other brands—one *has* to be courteous—but I've never once wavered in my opinion that the PICCADILLY is without a compeer."

"Substitute 43 years for your 20," I replied, "and you have my experience exactly."

"A safe gift for Xmas," he whispered, as a snowflake fluttered down between us.

*Piccadilly*

S. & O. S.

#### AN IDEAL GIFT.

A box of good cigarettes is always a most acceptable present. PICCADILLY CIGARETTES are the highest attainment in the art of cigarette making.

Box of 100, 7/-; 50, 3/6; 25, 1/9.

Obtainable at all  
High Class  
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Guaranteed  
Finest Hand Made

# PICCADILLY

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Alexander Boguslavsky, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.



*A Gift.*

IT would be difficult to conceive a more charming gift than one of these Presentation Cases of Piesse and Lubin perfume.

The exquisite products of this famous old house are known and appreciated the world over as examples of the parfumeur's art at its best.

There is the choice of over twenty distinct perfumes, each in a beautifully cut and polished crystal bottle contained in an appropriate case.

Violet, Muquet, Œillet, Lilas, Opoponax, Damask Rose, Boronia, Cœur de Jeanette, Ideal.

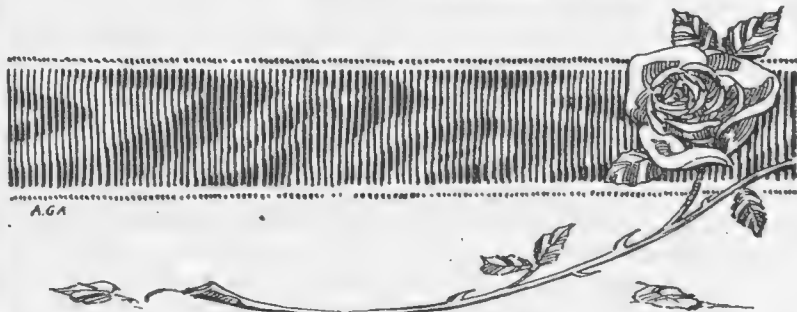
6/6 12/- 22/6 42/6

Violette-extra, Muquet-extra, Œillet-extra, Lilas-extra, Jasmin-extra, Rose-extra, Ambre-extra, Kus-Kus, Aujourd'hui, Melisande.

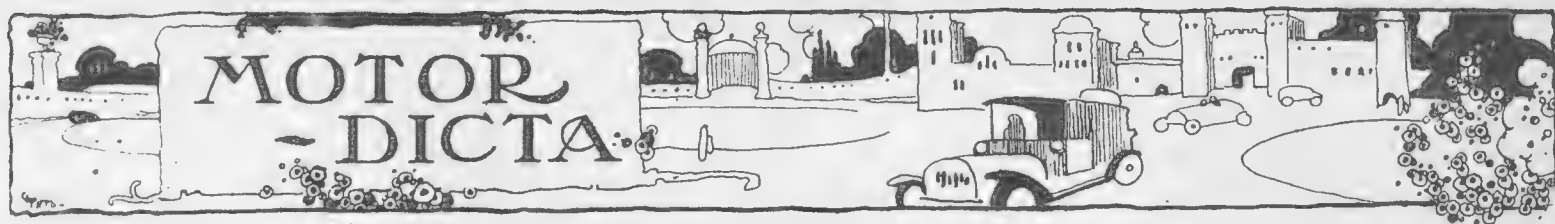
10/- 17/6 32/6 60/-

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*Piesse & Lubin Ltd.*  
189, Regent St.,  
London, W. 1.







## FUEL PRICES UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION—"ALBERT" S'AMUSE.

By GERALD BISS.

WORDS fly forth irrevocable, but oft come home to roost. "The price of petrol is what it pays us best to sell it at to the public," once quoth a cynic of the great controlling trusts at an R.A.C. inquiry a year or two before the world boiled over in 1914; and I doubt if any cynicism since Marie Antoinette's ill-judged persiflage anent cake for the proletariat has ever had such an unpleasant back-fire or more persistent recoil upon the autocratic author. For years it has rankled in motordom, rack-rented almost out of existence in peace and war alike by the ruthlessness of the real petrol controllers, who had no connection with the late Berkeley Street bureaucracy; and all the time the vital essence of motoring is cheap fuel. But now direct action has at length been taken, and last week the newly appointed Petrol Committee started to inquire and investigate into the cost of production and distribution, and the profits arising therefrom at all stages, of petrol, benzol and other fuel.

### Up Fuel.

There is a great gulf fixed between the cost of petrol landed at 1s. 3½d. a gallon, plus the tanner tax, and its retailment at 3s. 0½d.—a matter of 1s. 3d.; and we want to know whither it goes when it has left our pockets, and whether it smacks of profiteering or not under the new Act (which has not, so far, proved itself a very efficient piece of stop-gap legislation), especially as it is practically twice the price at which gasoline is being sold in New York. Again, the position of the retailer over here—who is hand in glove with the importers and works upon a percentage basis, which makes higher prices more to his immediate advantage than lower ones—reacts unfavourably against the introduction of other rival fuels, home-produced or not, upon the market in competition. Finally, I am particularly glad that benzol and other fuels have been added to the list of inquiry, as in my humble opinion benzol at 2s. 9d. *without tax*, smacks quite as much of profiteering, if not more so. In 1912 benzol was fully proven as a home-produced motor-fuel, and cut its own throat by sheer greed; and gas in 1916, when the gas-bag movement was booming, showed signs of going the same way; and they one and all want a thorough keel-hauling and a chance to prove their altruism, of which, alas! motorists are growing parlous cynical. Once more the A.A. has fully proven benzol as a home-produced fuel, but I object to the evening paper headline "Cheap Motor Fuel's Success!" Benzol, whatever it may be, is certainly not cheap at 2s. 9d., any more than petrol at 3s. 0½d. with a margin of 1s. 3d. to be accounted for.

### Albert Arrives.

Ugh! This is not much of weather for testing cars, especially open cars, and I prefer personally to indent for an extra ton of coal and a pound of "baccy" to any of your open road propositions. The other morning when

the "Albert"—a rotten name for a self-respecting car, in my opinion, by the way—rolled up at my front door, it was raining cats and dogs, if not lions and tigers, with dashes of hail and bits of blizzards; and I would fain have cried off. However, *automobiles oblige*, and I took my courage in both hands, jeering, possibly a trifle hysterically, at the possibilities of pneumonia. In fact, had I succumbed, I should not have blamed pneumonia, but, like Mrs. Pat, have believed that Albert "done me in!" "If on such a day one can find a single word of praise for an open auto," I thought to myself, "it must indeed be a very fine young machine"; and I am delighted to say that I found many on a very short run, a mere matter of some twenty odd miles, having presciently tipped my cook the wink to have lunch ready at home at one sharp, and piping hot—no motor meanderings round laney lanes and up terrific test-hills for me in such weather! I am too old an auto-bird for that!



NOT A MOTOR-CAR DE LUXE! THE HANDLEY-PAGE FLYING SALOON.

At first glance, our photograph looks like the latest thing in luxurious motors—but it is something more modern still, being the interior of the new type of Handley-Page aeroplane "W.8," which flew to Paris in 2 hours 10 minutes. The saloon is 22 ft. long and 4 ft. 6 in. wide, and carries 15 to 20 passengers.

auto-vernacular, most wonderfully smoothly on the worst of roads with its cantilevers. Suspension excellent, and back premises altogether most comfortable. The Albert—*infandum nomen*—apart from trifles corrected or correctible, is a fine little car of the new type—13.9 h.p., but with a sense of plenty of reserve power and



THE INDEPENDENT INVALID: AN ELECTRIC BATH-CHAIR.

The latest device for the comfort of invalids is the electric bath-chair, which renders them independent of attendants, and can be driven by the patient without undue fatigue.—[Photograph by I.B.]

back, poised upon cantilevers, I felt that, given a decent day, I could enjoy quite a long journey arm-in-arm with "Bertie," a thing a big man cannot say about the vast majority of four-seated small models.

Alberto Crede. What faults I found, apparently have been, or are in process of being, corrected from this an experimental trial model. Central control I am beginning rather to like in some ways; but I object to the hand-brake some inches further to the left amongst the poor passenger's legs, as though shoved in as an after-thought. Being altered: good. Also, front seat being brought back some three inches: good. Minor details, but all making for comfort, especially in the case of a big man. The back is most comfortable, and the car "rides," as they have it in

very flexible, with all sorts of good points of a high-class car; notably an excellent four-speed gear-box—more necessary, perhaps, upon a small car than on a big one in many ways; full floating back axle; very cleanly designed monobloc engine, cast in one with the crank-chamber; overhead valves and many unsuspected little engineering joys, giving wonderful value for money. And more than that, a big bull point, the Albert mass-production scheme is based upon efficient local service throughout the country, and a system of travelling inspectors. Yes, despite the weather, I can cordially give the Albert, despite its name, my blessing as a sound proposition and quite one of the most likely amongst the newcomers—a small model, yet withal powerful, and having many of the attributes of its bigger brethren. Especially in the



*Born 1820—  
still going strong.*



“So many men, so many minds”—  
But all are agreed on “Johnnie Walker.”

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

THE Marquess of Londonderry has war decorations, and was twice mentioned in despatches, but he would not have figured properly as a Marquess of Londonderry without a blue ribbon to wear across his breast on ceremonial occasions. The seventh Marquess and all his predecessors have had one, either pale or dark blue, for each has been a Knight of St. Patrick or of the Garter, and Lord Londonderry now belongs to the last-named but older and greater Order of chivalry. His father did so before him, and it may well be that he will receive the same insignia—the late Lord Londonderry had a finely jewelled star among his. The Marchioness will not be in the position of a “jellous” wife,



Two hats showing that you can wear them small or large, and still be in the fashion.

for she also can wear a star and ribbon, as she is a D.B.E. or Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire. Neither Lord nor Lady Londonderry will depend at all on ribbons or stars for distinction of appearance.

Hands and Feet  
Night.

Hands and  
feet were  
the order

of the evening when a boxing match began it and an Opera Ball ended it. The second gave the best value for money, which was freely spent on both. Everyone was glad to see Lady Diana again in the fancy, although not in the ring—rather in the round of Covent Garden. If she proves as successful in the pictures as she does in making pictures she will be all right. Her frock was all rose-colour and gold in Tudor style, and she was Tudor too. Lady Birkenhead looked quite Persian—whether a Persian young nobleman or noblewoman some people seemed unable to decide. I think strapped and high-heeled shoes decided in the feminine. Countess Medina and her tall young brother Count Michael Torby were to the manner born Russians; Lady Curzon of Kedleston wore an amazing head-dress and looked amazingly handsome; and Viscountess Curzon, all in white, looked lovely. It was a fine sight, but fancy dress was not general.



A becoming velvet hat turned off the face.

Stockings.

Fancy stockings are threatening us. They have done so before, but the fashion created never moved out of a certain circle who may be described as the “we-must-be-looked-at-at-any-cost!” The cost in the case of the stockings was usually a sacrifice of good taste. If a woman is a Scot and is wearing a tartan skirt—a habit to which Scottish women are addicted—tartan stockings to match are quite correct. If, however, a woman wears a skirt of black-and-white chess-board check, she will not mend matters by continuing the scheme on her legs—she will simply vulgarise quite a nice skirt. Striped stockings are less startling than check. When the stripes are pale

(Continued overleaf.)



# Bring them up on OXO

While meat is comparatively scarce, OXO is of greater value than ever in the home. It supplies just those properties which are deficient in the general dietary, and contributes in a marked degree to the maintenance of health and well-being.

OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.





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behind every genuine "CLINCHER" Tyre is the vast factory organisation at Castle Mills, Edinburgh.

Many and intricate are the forces which contribute to the phenomenal success of the "CLINCHER CROSS" and other members of the "CLINCHER" family.

There is a spirit of pride and personal interest among the workers at Castle Mills. The feeling is widespread that the man who works under "CLINCHER" conditions and standards is receiving the best training Great Britain affords.

All this has its effect, of course, on the fineness, the accuracy, the longevity of "CLINCHER" Tyres. But the human elements of faith and pride in fine workmanship largely contribute to the sum total of "CLINCHER" reliability.

The "CLINCHER" trademark on a tyre is a guarantee that Castle Mills tyre-builders have made the tyre as good as it can be made.

Next time—fit "CLINCHERS."

THE NORTH-BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.,  
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### GOLFERS!

*You never know just how good you are until you play a "CLINCHER CROSS" Golf Ball. Supplied in Bramble Dimple and Mesh Markings.*

*Price - - 2/6 each.*

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OF QUALITY IS A COMPLETE SET OF THE  
**MORNY FINE TOILET PRODUCTS**  
*fragrant with*  
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<b>"Mystérieuse" Bath Dusting Powder.</b> A cooling, absorbent, and antiseptic Toilet Powder for use with the large body-puff. The last refinement of the dainty toilet. Kegs .. .. .	5 0	9 6
<b>"Mystérieuse" Toilet Soap.</b> An extra fine quality Soap, exceptionally perfumed. Single Tablets in box, 5/-. Box of three regular-size tablets, or six guest-room tablets .. .. .	5 0	14 0
<b>Total Cost of Sets (as illustrated)</b>	50 6	94 0

Similar sets supplied in "June Roses," "Chaminade," "Sérénade," and other Original Morny Fragrances at their relative prices. (Illustrated Brochure sent on request.)

6-inch China Powder Bowl (Black and Gold) and Puff, 28/6 extra.  
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**T**HE marked superiority of the CLARK'S "ANCHOR" EMBROIDERY THREADS is expressed both in ease of working and beauty of effect. These Threads do not easily Kink or Knot; are strong and durable; are of silky Lustre and in a complete range of colors; are thoroughly washable and are British-made. All Drapers and Art Needlework Shops sell "ANCHOR" Threads, together with designs, transfers and leaflets of instruction.

"ANCHOR" Embroidery Threads are seven in number.

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Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside Green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather-bound Book. Leather-cornered Writing Board. Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. Will wear for years. Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom. JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY, LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8.

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During this "settling down" Christmas, you will be looking for something serviceable as well as elegant in the way of an Xmas gift. Something that will be money well spent—something that will be an investment.

Let us help you to make your choice. Have you thought what an excellent present a nice case of razors would make? There are two kinds of razors. The one is a razor with a perfect edge that with careful stropping will be a friend in need for many years. The other is a razor with which you can shave well on the first two or three occasions, and then its edge falls away and the shaving power is gone.

A razor bearing the name of Wilkinson guarantees the former. It means that the razor has been manufactured from start to finish by Wilkinson's expert workmen at their factory in London.

Sold  
Every-  
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PRICES:

"SPECIAL" RAZORS  
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Best Leather Cases:

2 Razors ...	£1 12 6
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The Wilkinson "Special" Razor

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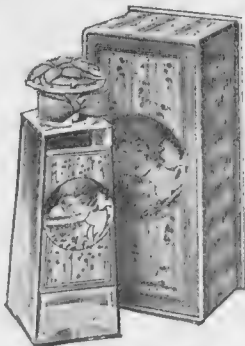
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Cases filled with any other perfume as desired.

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Size for 2 & 3 years. Price 5½ Gns.

" " 4 " " 6 "

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**HAT** to match, trimmed with corded ribbon. Price ... 39/6

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## A tilted book cover for 'Correct Lubrication 1910 Edition'. The title is in a large, bold, serif font. Below it, in a smaller font, is '1910 Edition' and 'With Charles of Recommendation'. The cover features a black and white illustration of a winding road through a hilly landscape with trees. In the foreground, a vintage open-top car is driving on the road. The book is tilted diagonally across the page.

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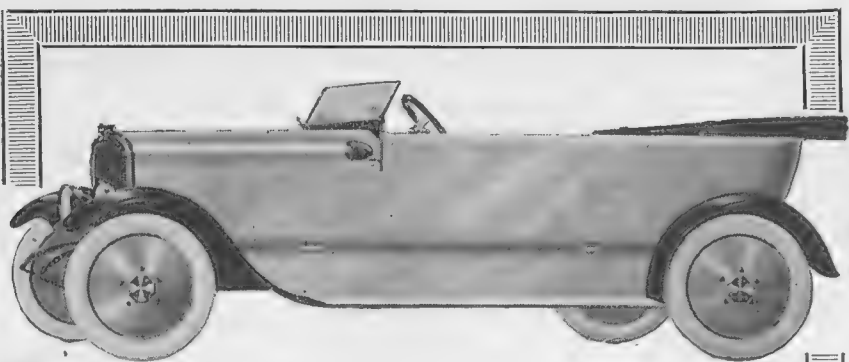
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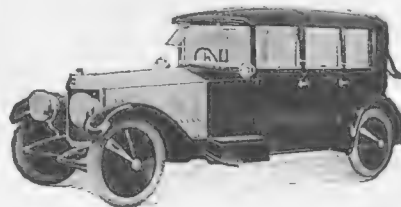
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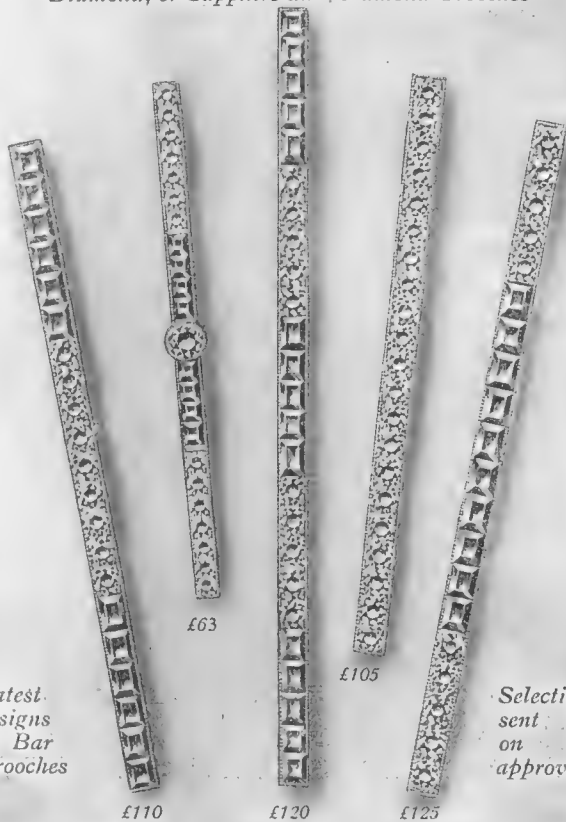
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"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

**The Dull Fight.** I was not present at the now historic and almost forgotten fight between Beckett and Carpentier, and I am glad that I was not. The people who enjoyed the fight were those outside the building, because they were the only people who did not know that Carpentier was going to win.

Imagine it! The thousands outside the Stadium actually believed at one time that Beckett had won! Incredible credibility! If they had asked any ticket-holder on his way in he could have told them exactly what would happen. As it was, all those who saw the fight told the papers next morning that they had known all along that Carpentier must win.

In view of this knowledge, I should like to ask three questions:

- (1) How was the secret so well kept?
- (2) Why did they bother to buy seats?
- (3) Did they all make fortunes?

For my own part, I wanted Carpentier to win for the mere reason that I prefer brains to force. Beckett may be very brainy, but Carpentier began the fight by hitting him on the nose. Then he hit him on the nose again, and finally on the jaw. And yet the boxing expert in my evening paper assured Beckett that he was going to win, and consoled (in advance) with poor little Carpentier! What can it mean?

#### The Dempsey Affair.

It is tantalising in the extreme to think that your neighbour has it in his power to make your fortune and will not say the word. Next June, or thereabouts, Carpentier is to fight a man called Dempsey at Olympia. Which will win? If you knew, friend the reader, you could make a couple of millions and go for a short holiday. Olympia will seat a huge number of people, and they all know, I presume, whether Carpentier will beat Dempsey or Dempsey Carpentier. But do you think they will tell us? Not a syllable—until after the fight.

In the case of the actual combatants, there is some confusion of knowledge. Carpentier knew that he would beat Beckett, and said so, and Beckett knew that he would beat Carpentier, and said so. You will find this in all fights. You never hear of a boxer saying, "I may win." He invariably says, "I know I shall win." Each is convinced, you see, that his opponent reads all the papers, and he wants to frighten him before the fight begins.

Another remarkable point about prize fights is the utter contempt the onlookers have for the beaten man. I gathered from one journal that the only person at the Holborn Stadium who shook hands with Beckett after he had been beaten was the Prince of Wales. The Prince is very wonderful: he may even succeed in a Restoration of Manners.

#### Hail to the Vanquished.

What is the use of shaking hands with the victor? He is shaking hands with himself so hard that your glad hand gets in his way. The man with whom you should shake hands on all occasions is the man who is down and out (for the time being).

Whenever poor Bombardier Wells lost a fight, the sporting writers used to jump on his back, and lacerate him with their exacerbating nibs. If Beckett, after he had recovered from Carpentier's most offensive treatment, had suddenly leapt the ropes and hit out right and left among the spectators, what a rush there would have been for the doors! How many men in that building would have remained to tell him just what they were telling each other about him! After all, with the exception of Carpentier, he was the best fighter at the Holborn Stadium.

That, at any rate, was something. He could have had a grand ten minutes for his money! Off would have gone the toppers! Red would have gone the shirt-fronts! Crack would have gone the little skulls!

We all love Samson for doing just that very thing. They cut his hair, and put out his eyes, and then went to dinner. So Samson proceeded to pull up the pillars, and down came the building—dinners, diners and all! That was a glorious moment for Samson! Have you never envied him that splendid death?



AT THE DANCING RECEPTION: MR. AND MRS. LESLIE HENSON.

The marriage of Miss Madge Saunders and Mr. Leslie Henson, both well-known stars in the stage world, took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. Our photograph shows bride and groom at the "Dancing Reception" which was held at the Grafton Galleries after the ceremony.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Press.]

Old Man Adam. Mr. H. G. Wells, as you know, has written the "plain story of life and mankind from remotest ages to the present day." I have not yet found the courage to begin reading it, and how Mr. Wells found the courage to plan and write it passes my comprehension. If I wrote

the plain story of life and mankind from remotest ages to the present day, I should probably do it in dialogue; Mr. Wells, evidently, is doing it in close and earnest prose.

That is amazing, but still more amazing is his intimate knowledge of the people who lived about fifty or a hundred—you may take your choice—thousand years ago. Here, for instance, is his pen-picture of poor old Adam. (I presume it is Adam, though it is not much like the pictures one has seen of the gentleman with whom Eve fell in love):

"His thumb was not quite equal in flexibility and usefulness to a human thumb, he stooped forward and could not hold his head erect as all living men do, he was chinless and perhaps incapable of speech . . . he was, indeed, not quite of the human species; but there is no dispute about his attribution to the genus *Homo*."

At first blush, you will say, Eve was not particular. But remember two things: it was her first blush—and there was no competitor.



# YULETIDE AT HARRODS



## The Jottings of Joan

The Ladies' Club,  
Harrods SW1

DEAR ROSAMUND,—Art in little things, my dear, is the secret of an effective boudoir. It makes all the difference whether a nightdress-case be square or round. There is no imagination in straight lines, but there is a world of romance in roundness. This is why I have just bought a dream of a circular sachet in pale lemon-coloured crêpe-de-Chine. Posed in the centre of its gathered daintiness is a large full rose in the same fabric. It looks just like a drawing-room cushion. I got it in the Art Needlework Department at Harrods, that fascinating little corner in which one always finds so many charming novelties.

There is a beautiful pink one exactly like it, with glove and handkerchief sachets to match, which I am sure would appeal to you, and also an absolutely ravishing sky-blue set, daintily embroidered with French ribbon work. Who could resist the charm of a basket-of-flowers design when the basket holds gay pink roses and blue forget-me-nots? You must really come along to Harrods and see them.

### Biscuit Boxes

The biscuit-box in the boudoir is becoming quite a cult. It is a little touch so much appreciated by one's guests. A biscuit in the night will often cure insomnia. There are such delightfully artistic receptacles made to hold them, too! The one I bought at Harrods yesterday to put in the spare room is most distinctive. Imagine a triangular-shaped tin covered with a wonderful checked silk in purple, gold, and black!

Another which I got for my own bedroom is square-shaped and covered with thick black satin; a couple of old-gold acorns wrought in tinsel cloth relieve the sobriety of the lid. Glove and handkerchief boxes to match these biscuit tins, lined with rich white moiré, are also obtainable in the Department.

There are gay-coloured boxes, too, in beautiful shot taffeta silk made to accompany some of the nightdress-cases. You could never resist a delicate apple-green or a pretty pastel mauve! Both these colours would look exquisite in your lavender-grey boudoir or in the black-and-white scheme of your spare room.

### Rose-Bowers in Bags

Have you ever noticed the wonderful, fragrant perfume which pervades the Art Needlework Department at Harrods? Something subtle and compelling. I discovered what it was yesterday. I suspected by coloured ribbons here and there, were the daintiest little bags imaginable, made of filmy muslin, some in white, and others printed with a coloured floral pattern; some edged with ribbon-work and others with Valenciennes. They were filled with *pot-pourri*. A whole rose-bower in a bag, my dear! Isn't it a miracle?

### Taffeta Tea Cosies

What could be more appropriate for the ritual of afternoon tea than a dainty taffeta tea cosy in an exuberant cachou pink? The one I saw at Harrods yesterday was decorated with an *appliqué* flower-basket in tinsel tissue, out of the top of which peeped tiny realistically modelled satin roses. Just ideal for your drawing-room, my dear. Do come down and get it before it disappears. There are also some very picturesque photo-frames that I would like you to see. The mounts under the glasses are intricate lattices of ribbon-flowers and metal lace. The frames themselves are ribbon-bound, and have such a delightfully quaint old-world look about them.—

Ever yours,  
JOAN.

VISITORS say that Harrods is excelling itself this Christmastide! At all events, there are countless delights for the grown-ups, still more delights for the Tots, and a real Christmas Spirit presiding over all! Where better can you do your Christmas Shopping than at the best-stocked and most beautiful House of its kind in the world?

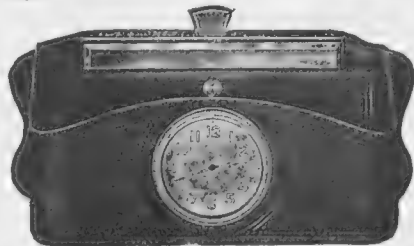


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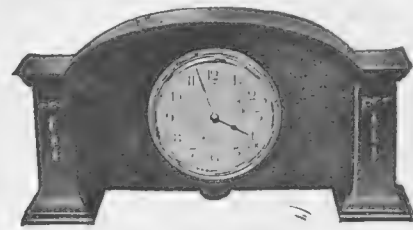
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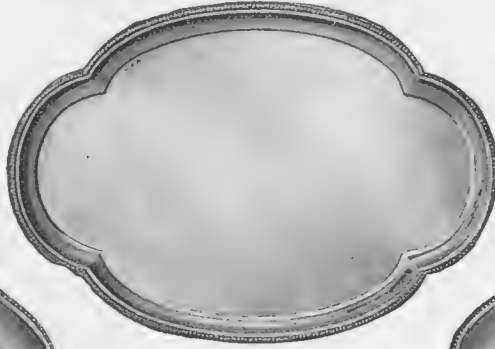
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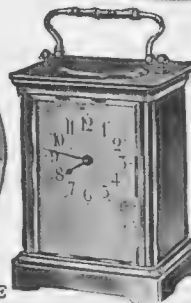
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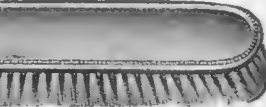
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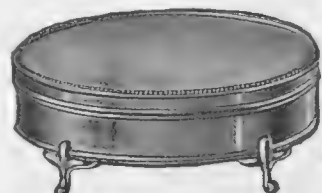
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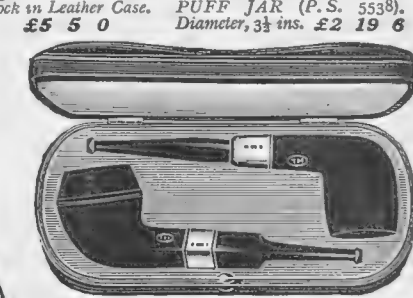
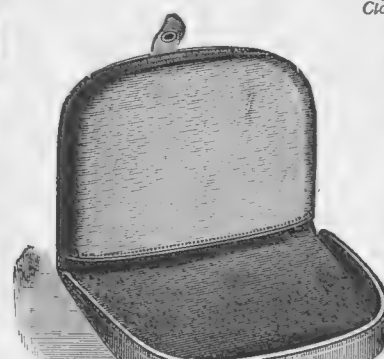
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*Continued.]*

blue and bronze, however, the effect is a little nerve-racking. I sat opposite a pair of thin legs attired in pink and blue striped silk stockings ending in sizeable feet squeezed into small shoes of something like lizard skin. The sight made a short journey seem unduly long!

#### Wales and McCulloch.

In the purchase of very satisfactory presents the establishment of Wales and McCulloch, whose only address is 56, Cheapside, E.C.2, is one to be visited first. They have beautiful pearl necklaces, from £20 to almost any price desired. Their designs for the setting of fine gems are singularly delicate and elegant, and out of the ordinary. They have



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many very fine and beautiful rings—one in which a single diamond is set in a thick 18-carat-gold mount costs £5; and there are many others, up to £200. In rustless and stainless cutlery, and in good electro-plate spoons and forks there is choice of useful gifts. The firm's catalogue, which will be sent free on application gives illustrations and prices of many most acceptable gifts.

#### Tweeny's Woes.

The world is really very crowded. War and the "flu" have combined to kill off fourteen million folk, yet you cannot get into a train, bus, or taxi, a house, a theatre, a boxing match, or any other unexciting or exciting place without crushing, pushing, and paying—the latter very largely. What price desert islands? At least there would be room; but most of the islands seem to have been bought up. Seeing that there is a congestion of population, could not someone invent compressed overcoats, or collapsible fur coats, and persuade women not to wear feathers sticking out like elongated porcupine quills? We are all more or less in the condition of canned comestibles when we travel in London by public conveyance, and they, at least, are quiet. Wedged between a man in a thick Knapp cloth coat on one side, and a woman in a seal musquash coat and a half-yard feather raking out

on the other, both restless and oblivious of the wretched "tweeny," life is not *couleur de rose*—it only makes one see red!

#### Storm in a Taxi.

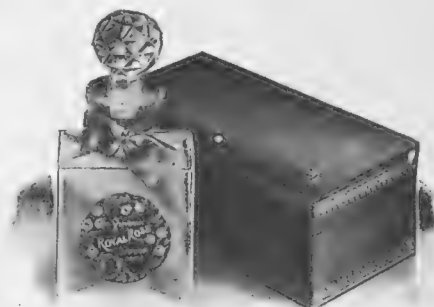
I was in a taxi in a thunderstorm the other day. Valuing a peaceful life, and grateful for shelter, I paid one shilling over the fare from Victoria to Claridge's. The gentleman on the box did not decline it, but said he thought the storm was worth another bob. It struck me as a delightful bit of cheek! If people are to be made to pay for storms, as well as extras, because they have reason to object to raising a storm from the driver, taxis will be more prohibitive than ever. However, my gentleman had a sense of humour, for when I said the storm had nothing to do with my fare, he smiled and said: "You're right, it 'asn't. Not even a toff from Claridge's could put up a good old all-rounder like that." The odd part of it was that the gentleman's manner was so impressive, I really did feel a little impotent because I could not put up "a good old all-rounder" and, like Jove, control the elements.

#### Vinolia.

There are many puzzles about the best kinds of Christmas presents. There need be no doubt about those chosen from the well-known Vinolia specialties giving pleasure and proving useful. Their satin-lined cases contain bottles of "English Rose," "Russian Violets," "Osiris"—a blend of blooms of Egypt and Arabia—and several other delightful perfumes from 5s to 21s. each. Then there is a cut-flower series of six perfumes—"Royal Rose," "Lily of the Valley," "Wallflower," "Violet," "Carnation," and "Golden Tulip."

These are sold in coloured leatherette *écrons*, and contained in cut crystal bottles, at 12s. 6d. and 21s. Also most acceptable is Vinolia Eau de Cologne in attractive bottles from 1s. 8d. to

*(Continued overleaf.)*



WITH ITS LEATHERETTE *ÉCRIN*: A CUT CRYSTAL BOTTLE OF "ROYAL ROSE" PERFUME. (VINOLIA.)

## Book NOW for PANTOMIMES!

Theatre Seats that cannot be obtained elsewhere may be secured through Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd., who have at their exclusive disposal the best seats at all theatres.

A complete system of private telephones enables Keith Prowse & Co. to offer the best seats at any time at each of their branches.

# KEITH PROWSE

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42, Poland St. W.1 ... Regent 4455, 4456, 4457.

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Claridge's Hotel, Brook St., W.1 ... Mayfair 7160.  
Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W.1 ... Gerrard 1367.  
Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, W.1  
47, Kensington High St., W.8 ... Kensington 371.  
Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W.1 ... Mayfair 5080.  
William Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Road, W.2 ... Park 1.  
The Civil Service Co-operative Society, Ltd., 28, Haymarket, S.W.1 ... Gerrard 7930 (5 lines).  
48 & 50, Victoria St., Westminster (Windsor Hotel Buildings), S.W.1 ... Victoria 4727 and 4728  
Grosvenor Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1 ... Gerrard 9061/6.  
83, Brompton Road, S.W.3 ... Kensington 3060.  
5, Charing Cross, S.W.1 ... Gerrard 6632.  
Hotel Great Central, Marylebone Road, N.W.1 ... Paddington 4590.  
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His Master's Voice. Columbia, etc., etc.

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100,000 to select from.

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**Sonora**  
CLEAR AS A BELL

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ALLEN & HANBURY'S LTD  
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Moire Silk and 9-ct.  
Gold with lever move-  
ments, £9  
18-ct. Gold, £12  
Also in variety from £10

**Sir John Bennett Ltd**  
*Established in the Reign of King George II, (1750)*  
WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

**WRIST WATCHES WITH MOIRE SILK BANDS**  
The Present Fashion, Elegant and Chic.



Platinum or Palladium mounted with Diamonds and other gems  
of the highest quality and latest designs. Prices from £100 to £500



Octagon Cushion, Fon-  
neau, and other fancy  
shapes in 18-ct. Gold,  
with high-grade lever  
movements, from £25

*Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Clocks, or Jewellery complete with every novelty, sent free per post:*  
65, Cheapside, and 105, Regent Street, London.

*(Continued.)*

15s., and Vinolia real English lavender water from Mitcham lavender, in handsome bottles from 1s. 9d. to 11s. 6d. These gifts can be purchased from all good chemists, perfumers, and stores.

### Portable Perfection.

The possession of a gramophone is almost a necessity in these dancing days, and it's good news to those on Christmas shopping bent that the Dulcephone Company, Worship Street, E.C.2, have provided in the "Decca" gramophone a model within the range of even the moderate purse, for this compact, portable machine costs only £7 15s. to £12 12s. The "Decca" has special virtues, for it is so easily carried that it can accompany its owner anywhere. It has



BRINGING THE WORLD'S MUSIC TO THE HOME: A DECCA GRAMOPHONE. (DECCA.)

not the defects of its qualities, though, for it is small without being insignificant, and in its construction not a single essential gramophone feature is missing. It has the full tone and volume of a larger machine through its special patented features. One has only to recall the "Decca's" war record to realise its merits, for it was the musical companion of our men on active service on all fronts.

### Travelling to the Riviera.

There is no truth in the reports that

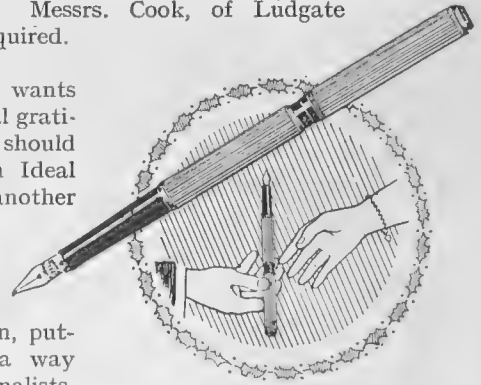
all seats in trains for the Riviera are booked up until February 8. There may be just a shadow of truth in them as regards sleeping-car berths, but they are absolutely

untrue as regards trains in general. If a traveller to the Riviera cannot obtain a sleeping-car berth, there are always comfortable *couchettes* or *lits-salons* to be had in plenty. The P.L.M. Company provide these on all its *rapides*, and they can be booked in advance at the P.L.M. offices in London (179, Piccadilly), and at the Gare de Lyon, Paris. To avoid travelling by night one can break the journey at Lyons, Marseilles, or Avignon. It is well to register luggage to Paris. On reaching the hotel in Paris, one should send a messenger with his keys, and there will be no trouble. On leaving Paris, register the luggage for anywhere on the Riviera, and it will arrive by the same train that carries the traveller. Passport

difficulties no longer exist. Messrs. Cook, of Ludgate Circus, will do all that is required.

### Waterman.

Anyone who wants to deserve real gratitude extending over years should give his friend a Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen. It will add another friend to a friend—one faithful in service and ever ready. Ideal is a hard-worked word; but it really fits the Waterman, which swims smoothly on, putting thought into word in a way that authors, statesmen, journalists, and correspondents of all kinds do most thoroughly appreciate. The nib will be changed until one entirely suitable is found. The self-filling patent is the simplest, therefore best, and absorbs the ink from any supply. The Safety Waterman cannot leak: no gift could be more practical; none will be more valued.



A GIFT TO LAST FOR YEARS: A WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN. (WATERMAN.)



TELLING THE TIME IN THE DARK: AN INGERSOLL WATERBURY RADIOLITE. (INGERSOLL.)

### Ingersoll.

Military habits are not quickly laid aside; and one which will always be "carried on" is the habit of the Ingersoll Radiolite Watch. It is an accurate timekeeper, and the glow is as clear as electrically illuminated Big Ben. The watches are made in various sizes, and the prices vary from 60s. to 15s. A small model suitable for a lady is the Ingersoll Midget Radiolite, which only costs 27s. 6d., and is just the thing to post off to your friend either at home or overseas. The fine new premises of the Ingersoll Watch Company are at 170, Regent Street, London, W.1; and if anyone is unable to call there, an illustrated catalogue will be sent post free, or any selected model, on receipt of the price.

*[Continued overleaf.]*



A  
JAEGER  
CAMELHAIR  
GOWN  
is sure  
to please her.

**JAEGER**  
Pure Camelhair

T. 109

Undyed Camelhair.

24 in. length ... 42/6  
50 in. length ... 78/-

#### LONDON DEPOTS:

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456, Strand, W.C. 2.  
30, Sloane Street, S.W. 1.  
102, Kensington High St., W. 8.  
115, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.  
85 and 86, Cheapside, E.C. 2.  
Jaeger Agents in every town and throughout the British Empire.

## THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—  
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold; Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

**SESSEL** (Bourne, Ltd.),  
14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklace, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—  
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From £2 : 2 : 0





### Reflections

When you are feeling tired, and the reflection in your mirror shows it—then more than ever is the time when a touch of Ponds will reinvigorate the skin and make you look your best. The delicious coolness of Ponds—the Original Vanishing Cream—and its fragrant odour of Jacqueminot Roses are as refreshing as a cool breeze on a summer's day.

No massage. It vanishes immediately into the pores of the skin, leaving no shiny or sticky surface.

Ponds will prevent your hands from becoming chapped and rough, and will preserve their soft transparency.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in Opal Jars;  
with Aluminium Screw Lids, 1/3 and 2/6

## Ponds Vanishing Cream

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## BENSON'S

### FINE RINGS



In Platinum and other settings.



Diamonds alone, or  
with Emeralds,  
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Pearls, etc.



Illustrated Lists of Rings,  
with size card, Brace-  
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Goods, Clocks, Plate,  
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Selections sent on  
Approval at our  
risk and expense.



**J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,**

Watchmakers to H.M. Admiralty, &c.

**62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4**  
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### Free to "Kiamil" Smokers

An attractive mounted reproduction of this picture in colours without advertising matter 10" x 7" sent free by the manufacturer for one "Kiamil" box lid, and six penny stamps to cover postage and packing.

*The price of most  
Cigarettes has risen  
but*

# Kiamil

*Pre-War Standard*

*Cigarettes  
are not going higher*



### An Ideal Xmas Gift

**C**HOICE Cigarettes are always a much appreciated Christmas Gift by Society Men—and Women, but a 100 box of "Kiamil" Cigarettes reflects not only good-will but the good judgment of a Connoisseur.

Society has set the seal of its approval on "Kiamils"—they are the vogue in the West End

**Very mild yet full of flavour**

Egyptian	100 for 12/6
Turkish	100 „ 11/3
Virginia	100 „ 9/6
American	100 „ 8/3

Also in 50's, 25's and 20's

*Of all High-class Tobacconists and Stores*



Sole Manufacturer:  
J. Clement,  
59 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

*Continued.]*

**An Ideal Attention.** A number of people want to acknowledge kindnesses at Christmas without exactly desiring to send a definite and valuable present which might suggest too great a degree of intimacy. The way to do it is to send perfume—really a much-valued gift and yet a pretty compliment. It



A COMPLIMENTARY PRESENT: PERFUME OF QUALITY.  
(PIESSE AND LUBIN.)

must, of course, be the best—therefore from Piesse and Lubin, 189, Regent Street, W.1, a famous old house with a world-wide reputation for exquisite products. Presentation cases are prepared for gifts than which none will be more welcome. There is a choice of over a score of different distinctive perfumes, some of the great favourites being "Apopanax," "Bironia," "Ideal," "Cœur de Jeanette"; and these are from 6s. 6d. to 42s. 6d. a bottle; while the delicious "Kus-Kus," "Melisande" and "Aujourd'hui" are from 10s. to 60s. They are sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom, securely packed and without charge for package.

**Mark Cross.**

Those who wish to be distinguished in present-giving go to Mark Cross's celebrated premises in Regent Street, because there some special *cachet* characterises every gift. Men are in these days very particular about everything they carry in their pockets, and keys are awkward affairs. Not, however; if one has a "Cross" key-holder for 4, 8 or 12 keys, enclosed neatly in a smart little leather holder. Then there is the "Cross" leather-backed clothes-brush, hard at one end and soft at the other. This is the lightest, most easily manipulated, and most efficient of brushes, and costs only 12s. 6d., while one with an ebony back would cost nearly twice as much. The favourite tobacco-pouch, with a tray for economical filling, had one drawback—the stiff edge which bulged in the pocket. The "Cross" pouch is similar in every way, but has a soft edge. A "Cross" lady's hand-bag has the advantage of a pocket in the usually useless flap, which fastens flat and securely and takes bank-notes down deep, and Treasury notes across. Bags with tortoiseshell mounts are in great variety,



USEFUL GIFTS FOR BOTH  
SEXES: A LADY'S "CROSS"  
HAND-BAG AND A MAN'S KEY-  
PURSE (SHOWN OPEN AND  
SHUT.) (MARK CROSS.)

and are sold from about £6 6s. A fully illustrated booklet of 64 pages will indicate many other "Cross" gifts with their special features and their prices. It will be sent free on application

# Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



WILSON & GILL'S AERO CLOCKS, Made from genuine Propellers of famous types of British Aeroplanes, finely carved in solid walnut and fitted with reliable 8-day lever movement, Height 14 in. Price £14.

OTHER DESIGNS FROM £7 10 0

NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

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High Class Tobacconists

# PASQUALI'S

# "The Times"

## VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

25 for 1/10½  
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100 for 7/4

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Model Z 1  
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Complete  
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## A Xmas present fit for a King

Obtainable from all leading Opticians and supply houses. Full particulars from Kershaw & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. E), 3, Soho Square, W.1. (Works, Leeds).

**G**IVE a pair of Kershaw British-made Binoculars—the finest binoculars in the world.

The exquisite definition of Kershaw Binoculars throws the object viewed into striking relief. Distances from the observer can be readily estimated. Kershaw Binoculars have a very large field of view, and their light-gathering power is remarkable.

Light, yet thoroughly rigid, the glasses are well protected from dust and moisture and particularly suitable for use in the Tropics.

Give him Kershaw Binoculars and you give him a present for which he will thank you every time he makes use of them.

**KERSHAW**  
Prismatic Binoculars

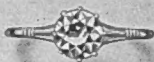
## Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

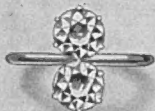
FINE DIAMOND RINGS  
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PLATINUM



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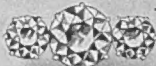
£55 0 0



£115 0 0



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£27 10 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Since Queen Victoria's early days



British & Best

## Dainty & Useful Xmas Gifts

A gift that never fails to be acceptable is LUCE'S EAU-DE-COLOGNE. Every lady loves it, and it is one of the few perfumes a gentleman permits himself to use. Delightfully fragrant and invigorating, it satisfies both the æsthetic and practical instincts. Its aroma lingers, pure and sweet to the end.

There are always uses for LUCE'S—on the handkerchief or hands, in the bath-room or sick-room, at the theatre, when travelling or for purifying the atmosphere.

BEWARE of imitation Jersey Brands and insist on

## LUCE'S

ORIGINAL Jersey  
EAU-DE-COLOGNE

In plain bottles: 2/-, 3/6, 6/6, 12/6, 20/-, 24/- and 32/6.

In wickered bottles: 7/9, 15/- and 27/6.

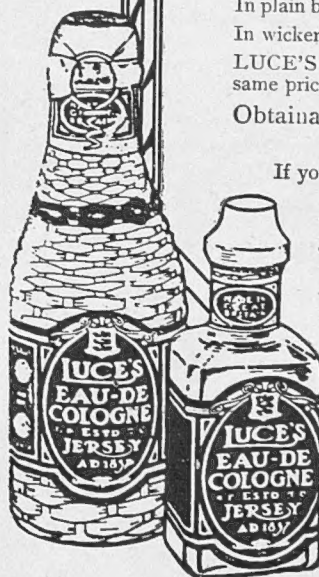
LUCE'S LAVENDER WATER is sold at the same prices as Luce's Eau-de-Cologne.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores in the United Kingdom.

If your Chemist cannot supply, send order to

Luce's Retail Depots:

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3, Ranelagh Street, LIVERPOOL.





## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## EXCHANGES AGAIN.

ONCE again foreign exchanges have taken the bit between their teeth, and markets have been dominated almost entirely by this factor. Luckily for us, the sterling exchange on New York has shown less weakness than the Continental ones; but, as the *Times* points out, the present discount on sterling increases our adverse trade balance at the rate of about £158,000,000 a year.

Continental selling is supposed to have accounted for the weakness on the Stock Exchange; but the Banks do not confirm this story, and we cannot believe that the continual fall in the value of the franc would continue in the face of important realisations. Probably the expectation has been nearly as effective as reality would have been. The position is undoubtedly becoming serious, and we hope that the conference suggested by the London County, Westminster, and Parr's Bank will not only take place, but that it will be successful, and that some international scheme may be formulated to prevent any further inflation of credit, which is at the bottom of our troubles.

It is becoming increasingly clear that new issues are being overdone, and that the public have had nearly enough. Affairs like the Pullinger Engineering Company's issue, and prospectuses like the Patent Wear-Proof Tyre Company are, of course, things apart; but really sound offers like those of the Newcastle Electric Supply Company and Armstrong Whitworth are being neglected, and underwriters are finding that they have more to nurse than they like.

## JAPANESE BONDS.

A correspondent has written to ask us for an explanation of the exceptional firmness of Japanese 1905 4 per Cents, and the two series of 4½ per Cent. Bonds. These Bonds have all been strong and rising, while other Japanese bonds have declined. At first sight it does seem curious that these bonds should have risen 1½ to 2 points; but the explanation is not difficult to find. Again it is the foreign exchanges. The Coupons on the Bonds in question can be cashed in New York in dollars at the rate of

4.87 dollars to the pound. And as American currency is not depreciated. . . .

## LA MODE.

Fashion in many ways rules the City almost as autocratically as it does my lady's dress. Fashion may almost be said to be at the bottom of booms and boomlets, and it certainly has a great deal to do with the type of investments which many people make.

Once upon a time, as the fairy stories say, Debentures and prior charges were the only investments for the ordinary man. Perhaps that fashion will return. At present it is only Preference shares with a high rate of interest that attract the crowd.

For some years before the war there was a growing tendency to issue prospectuses at the week-ends; and when new issues were few and far between there was much to be said for the idea, as it enabled investors to study the advertisements at home. Conditions have changed, however, and it seems to us surprising that promoters should continue to have their prospectuses jammed among a crowd of others on a Monday morning. To be one among a dozen or so of new companies asking for anything from two to ten millions is a bit rough on the underwriters. If it were not for fashion, we feel certain that the other days of the week would be more utilised.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I wish I were young again," sighed The Jobber; "I'd——"

"Don't be sentimental," The Broker snubbed him. "What would be the use of your hanging up stockings or socks?"

"Might get a few tips in them, if Father Christmas felt kind on Christmas Eve."

"I should think he must feel whacked to the everlasting wide," The City Editor guessed. "Going up and down, like Dunlops or Courtaulds, doesn't appeal to my own sense of comfort."

"He only does it once a year," protested The Engineer. "And think of the delight he must get out of it. I love giving presents."

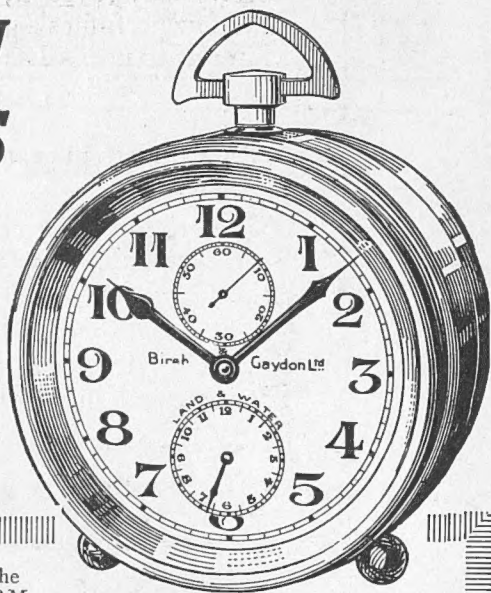
They all pressed their cards upon him. The Engineer produced part of last week's copy of *The Sketch* and allotted them his gifts.

"Thanks awfully," said The Jobber; "but I don't think that the low bust in mauve coutil, even if it had sixty pairs of sus——"

[Continued overleaf.]

## ALARM CLOCKS

The  
'Land & Water'  
Alarm Clock.  
The latest addition  
to our famous  
'Land & Water'  
Series.



Economical in price, the "Land & Water" ALARM CLOCK is a good timekeeper, and although far less cumbersome in appearance than most alarm clocks it embodies several important features which place it in a class by itself.

## RELIABLE—CONVENIENT—LUMINOUS

Here are some of its special features:—

Convenient size for office or home use, the diameter of the face being only 2½ inches.

Distinctive Case. Strong lever movement. A reliable timekeeper. Exceedingly powerful alarm, which can be instantly silenced when desired. Plain dial with black hands and numerals, or with fully luminous hands and figures for night use. Price:—

Plain Dial (as illustration) £2 5 0 Luminous Dial £3 0 0

Send for full particulars of "Land and Water" and other Watches, Jewellery, Rings and Silver-plated goods, Ladies' Hand-bags, etc.

Established  
1790.

*Birch & Gaydon Ltd.*

Makers to the Admiralty and War Office.

(Dept: 23), 153, Fenchurch St., LONDON, E.C.3 Tel.: Cent. 2160.

West End Branch (late JOHN BARWISE), 20, Duke Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1



The sign of  
Excellence.

IN the opinion of most readers the ideal newspaper should have an independent outlook and a distinctive style, sound political sense, news that is both ample and trustworthy, articles that tell just what the reader wants to know or that enlarge the boundaries of his interests, and through all a dignity that never forgets itself. You may find all these qualities in—

The  
Morning  
Post



C.T.S.



## Give Golly Vin-Sanguis and MAKE HIM ROSY Like us

TAKE Dr. Hale's Vin-Sanguis Wine for the Blood. It gives that "fit feeling" and the healthy colour that comes of perfect digestion. Made from Beef Extract, Malt, and old imported wines, matured in our cellars, it is a quick remedy for Anæmia, Insomnia, Indigestion, and loss of Energy. Obtainable of all Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers and Chemists, and at Civil Service Stores, Haymarket.

IT MAKES YOU FIT.  
IT KEEPS YOU FIT.

Reputea Pint Bottles, 3/-; Reputed Quarts, 5/6.

DR. HALE'S  
**VIN-SANGUIS**  
WINE FOR THE BLOOD

DR. HALE'S VIN-SANGUIS CO.,  
444, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By Appointment To H.M. The King.

**SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA**

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND  
- DOMESTIC PURPOSES -

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubb's Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.

## AITCHISON'S Prism Binoculars

The Ideal Glasses for all Sporting and Touring Purposes.

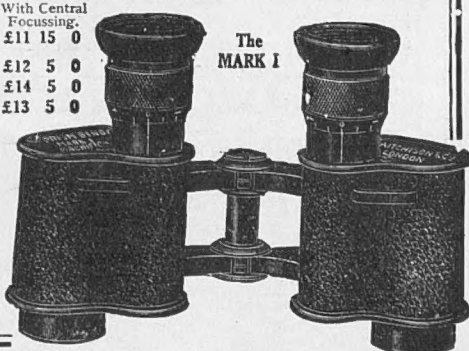
The MARK I is the standard service glass as supplied to the Government throughout the war. All the models which are fitted with eyepiece focussing are hermetically sealed; and consequently withstand exposure to all kinds of climates and weather conditions.


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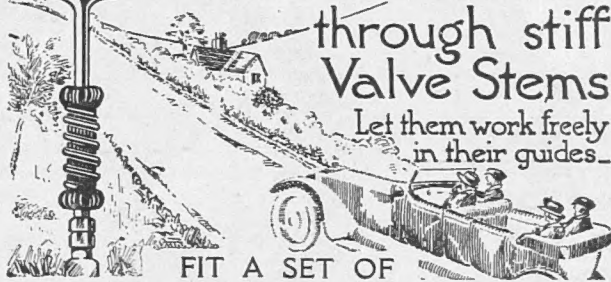
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*Continued.]*

"And I don't shave," said The Merchant, stroking his neat little beard, "so what's the use of—"

"And I don't go in for changing the colour of my hair," objected The Broker.

"Of course, a charming silk—er—match-box, daintily embroidered with tiny—"

"There you are, you see"—The Engineer spread out deprecating hands—"you are impossible to satisfy, so Pandora shuts up her box." He folded up certain pages from *The Sketch* and put them back into his pocket.

Pandora didn't have a pocket," said The Broker indignantly.

No; but she would have done if she'd been me," was the reply, regardless of the Jackdaw. "And, what's more, my pockets badly require filling. Any suggestions, Brokie?"

"If it's tips you mean, I keep them for my tradespeople over Christmas."

Pity the New Poor!" cried The Merchant.

No use trying to speculate over the New Year," agreed The Jobber. "Besides, things are too uncertain abroad and at home. In a minor degree, this Balkans business is far from pleasant."

I hear there's going to be trouble over Turkey," observed The Engineer, quite seriously.

The Jobber bought the rabbit. "When?" he inquired.

Turkey troubles towards the end of next week, I'm afraid."

The Jobber's face was a study. It took The Carriage fully seventy-four seconds to recover their composure.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous"—The Merchant resumed the thread—"oughtn't these catering and hotel shares to be bought don't you think?"

Why, of course," The Broker answered. "Considering the way London's packed, the amount of money about, the cost of everything—and the all-round scramble for accommodation and food, the companies must be doing splendidly."

Any fool could make money out of such things now; I could myself," was The Jobber's self-revelation.

Then why are catering shares dullish?"

Because people are more busily employed in supporting them physically than they are financially," said The City Editor.

Epigrams and umbrellas recovered while you wait. Then, after the New Year, these things should improve?"

"I think so," said The Broker. "Glad you're all so appreciative of my recent tips in the Kaffir Market. Randfontein, for one."

"That's right, Brokie. Rub it in," cried The Jobber. "I bought Johnnies myself, and they haven't—"

"Oh yes, they have," was the prompt reply. "Only you were too greedy, and waited more profit. Not that it will make any difference in the long run."

"Still worth having?" asked The Merchant. "I must admit having made money out of Randfontein, as you know."

"The measure of a client's gratitude can be estimated by his silence about the commission," commented The Broker.

"Who's the epigrammarian now?" demanded The City Editor, with a triumphant laugh.

"Yes, you can help yourself to Johnnies," interposed The Jobber.

"And, out of the dozens of other things, I think Langlaagte Estates will put on several shillings."

"In time," The Broker corrected.

"Yes; if you're in time, of course," was the wilful misunderstanding.

"But what of Oils? Aren't we going to drag in the Oil Market this morning?"

"Not unless *The Sketch* pays you more for your financial articles," said The City Editor cuttingly. "Oil shares are too high. I've told all my readers that for a long time past."

"What a lot of money they must have saved, then, by not following you! The Oil Market is still too good, to my mind, not to come again before very long."

"It's had a tremendous run," said The Engineer.

"Not so long as 'Charley's Aunt' or 'Chu Chin Chow.' And—"

"Oh, don't be so childishly frivolous," The Broker cut him short. "Nobody who reads this will ever give me credit for trying to help them make money."

"Then a good commercial speculative investment, Sir?"

"Edison Swan. Going to thirty shillings."

"And a West African gamble?"

"Goldfields of Eastern Akkim. For a ten-shillings rise."

"And a decent coal share?" asked The Engineer.

"Corys or Pease and Partners."

"Anything in shipping?"

"Matter of patience. But Cunards or Furness Withy, or both."

"And all these will go up?"

"In time. Don't blame me if the shares happen to keep sticky for a while. You can't expect—"

"We may expect," said The Jobber.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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